THE COMMONWEAL

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THE ATTACK ON THE SENATE

IN WASHINGTON harsh words are addressed to the Senate. The idea, apparently, is that the misfortunes of the Republican party at this moment can best be attributed to the unhurried pace with which the senior body pursues its revision of the tariff bill. Whether it would be wise or whether it would be possible to proceed more rapidly with a document so objectionable are things to be forgotten at a time when the all-important consideration is to find a scapegoat. The coalition now in control of the Senate is an easy selection. Even the President, temporarily forgetting the fact that the bill which the coalition was evolved to oppose in no way meets the purposes for which he called the special session last spring, is reported to have considered issuing a statement of reproof. He has contented himself with urging a speedy enactment of a tariff bill, saying that industry is more sensitive now than ordinarily to legislation, and that its recovery from the mid-winter depression will be retarded unless a tariff bill is hurried through.

But what kind of a tariff bill? asks Senator Harrison, and it seems to us that this is a fair query. The administration leaders answer, if we interpret them correctly, that any kind of a tariff bill will do, so long as it comes soon. It is an answer which reveals as well as anything could the plight in which they find themselves. Whether they realize it or not, what they are asking for is anything at all to save face. But any kind of a tariff bill will not satisfy the country in its present temper. If we may say so, it is too late to put faith in expedients. And, if we may say so, the President must take upon himself responsibility for tariff leadership; he must speak out, firmly, for the kind of tariff which he thinks it will be of advantage to adopt. Win or lose, if he does this, he will find public sympathy flowing to him in large measure. If he does not, it will be futile to attempt to concentrate blame on the coalition.

For the logic of the situation at present is largely against him, and in favor of the coalition. Consider this: the President asked for a moderate upward revision of the tariff, and he was answered with the Hawley-Smoot bill, providing for the most extravagant increases in industrial rates, with concessions to agriculture which were not at all satisfactory to the West and Middle-west. In the Senate it was attacked as sentiment throughout the country demanded that it should be attacked. Revision is hardly the word for the task which the coalition set itself; what the bill needed was

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rewriting all down the line. And it ought to be remembered that the coalition in many ways was proceeding in line with tariff principles which the President himself had enunciated at the time of taking office. It refused him the power of revision, but the effect of its attack on the industrial schedules was to give him what he had said he wanted, and what the country certainly wanted, instead of a bill which had been written as if in defiance of his wishes, and in contempt of public sentiment everywhere. Without the coalition we should have had that bill long ago. It is really a service to be grateful for.

And it is pointless to blame the Senate for being slow. If it did not see its way clearly, there is the excuse that the administration forces themselves had lost contact with the President. If it did not work rapidly, there is the fact to be considered that it had a bill of some twenty-one thousand items to deal with. Political confusion and technical inexpertness made it impossible for the Senate to proceed at more than a snail's pace. But the fault is not with the Senate, any more than it is with the President. The trouble really lies in our method of determining tariff rates. Wise economists have always held that it should not be a congressional function; that it should be out of politics entirely and in the hands of a commission which could alter the tariff schedules from time to time according to the changing needs of industry and commerce. Such a commission composed of experts and empowered to apply their knowledge, would have had the new tariff ready for us ages ago, if we needed it (as Mr. Hoover says we do need it) and neither the President, nor Congress would now have it to worry about.

WEEK BY WEEK

EVEN in this age of mass effects, the world-wide protest of Christians and Jews against the religious policy of Moscow is remarkably impressive. One Protestant group after another has endorsed the Holy Father's letter and appointed a day of prayer for those who suffer persecution. This means that the ruling body in the Soviets, certainly a small minority of the Russian people, confront the spiritual opposition of hundreds of millions among their fellow-men. Not since the time of the crusades has the western world been so closely joined in opposition to an alien doctrine. But if this is to be another crusade, of prayer and sympathy, it is imperative that it be correctly preached. Current inquiry into Russian conditions can seldom take advantage of informed observers, whose experience endows them with authority. During the coming weeks speakers and writers should make a determined effort to secure the facts and gain as much publicity for them as is possible. One also believes that prayer cannot be too earnest or too active. Certainly every Catholic organization should give public evidence of its concern and grief. This is a great, perhaps a decisive, moment in the history of mankind. It is imperative that we live through it with something more than indifference.

Public Opinion and Russia

PERHAPS no office in the world is more important than that of Papal Secretary of State, and probably no appointee to it has been more universally approved than Cardinal Pacelli. He belongs to a family noted during centuries for legal and diplomatic ability, and his own achievement is closely identified with several of the most stirring incidents in recent history. For years it has been common knowledge that Cardinal Gasparri placed unlimited confidence in the man charged with the mission of fostering peace between Germany and the Allies in 1917. Cardinal Pacelli's experiences in the post-war period then culminated in the signing of the Concordat between the Vatican and Prussia. But anyone who has followed the press carefully knows that there were many incidents and achievements which, though relatively of slighter importance, were none the less dramatic and far reaching in their effects. It is fortunate that one who has thus amply proved his worth is available at a time when the purpose of the Church in the world has once again become so startlingly clear. The conscience of Christendom now addresses public opinion—the active mentality of mankind. And there is every reason why tact and firmness should combine to eliminate interference which has its source in purely human conduct and considerations.

Cardinal Pacelli Takes Office

THOUGH the Mexican national budget has shown a deficit during several years so that a "downward readjustment" of the debt was a normal though disturbing phenomenon, industrial figures for the past year indicate more clearly than ever the decline of the unfortunate country. The figures for 1929 show that imports from the United States increased 15 percent, while exports to the United States declined 6 percent. The import figures are $13,300,000, the export figures $8,750,000. A similar falling off is discernible in the government revenues. Although no final accounting of the receipts from the petroleum industry has as yet been made, it seems doubtful that the sum will equal the $6,500,000 gleaned during 1928. Under the circumstances anything like swift recuperation is out of the question. Investors in Mexico are necessarily committed to a long pull and must seek to recoup through exploitation of natural resources. This feeling is evident from projected schemes of railway building, which look far ahead into the future. The situation as a whole inevitably means a return to prominence of those land and oil problems which have so profoundly troubled diplomacy during the past decade. If Mexico cannot get on without capital, capital in turn cannot exist without security. It is a vicious circle nobody has been able to render virtuous.

Mexican Economics

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Sir Esmé Howard

IT WAS fitting that Sir Esmé Howard, retiring as British ambassador to the United States, should deliver an exceedingly characteristic address to the American Pilgrims. This was a virtual outline of the progress made toward effecting better relations between Britain and this country during the past decade. Noting that many old slogans had grown shabby and ineffective, Sir Esmé dismissed talk of war as fantastic and inane. The chief support of hope for peace is, however, the strengthening conviction that sound economics is incompatible with bombs and bayonets gone on a rampage. We liked this note in the ambassador's speech—the laying of emphasis upon a sensible recognition of world facts rather than upon sentimental "union of language and of hearts" such as builders of air castles so frequently advocate. Let us hasten to add, on the other hand, that Sir Esmé's departure is a genuine international loss. Experience and native tact have combined to make him one of the sanest among diplomats; and it is seldom that a career extending from service as a trooper in time of war to brilliant activity as his nation's representative blends so much color with so great an achievement. Sir Esmé, who was received into the Catholic Church during 1898, will be remembered with especial kindness by his coreligionists, many of whose interests he shared while here.

Science versus Publicity

A SERIOUS abuse of our time is the stepping-down and mistranslation of special scientific findings into those ringingly affirmative "popularizations" which are constantly fed the believing public. We have said this before, venturing to add that science itself must provide the chief antidote (as indeed scientists more and more realize) by an ever-growing sense of corporate responsibility, a patient willingness to disclaim and to correct. Meditating on the matter further—as one is constrained to do practically every time one picks up a newspaper—it must be admitted that there are grave difficulties in the way of such a program of correction. The conscientious scientist who speaks of the technical limitations of investigation, and the scrupulously hedged and tentative nature of its results, is heard coldly by both the public and the publicist. The public, generally speaking, does not really want to be protected from fairy-tales masquerading as facts: it wants—for all of its multitude of personal reasons, ranging from ignorance and wilfulness to sorrow and active despair—to be justified in believing them. The publicist, generally speaking, does not want to confine his assertions within the meagre limits of what is actually known; he wants to sell his wares. He has taught his readers to look for easy imitation thinking and magical promises under the heading, Science Says——; and so long as laboratories continue to furnish data, he will continue to evoke from them the superman and universal cures—to his own profit.

For More Letting Alone

UNDER the title, Our Harassed Children, in the North American Review, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon comes out bravely for a policy of neglect. The normal young American, she says, is suffering from the indiscriminate zeal of his parents and teachers. They adopt wholesale for his supposed benefit all sorts of theories suited only to abnormal conditions or special cases. "He is watched for complexes as carefully as we were watched for measles during an epidemic." Because "there are timid, undervitalized children who will greatly benefit by wise drawing-out and judicious stimulation," the ordinary healthy child must submit to projects for "developing his initiative." Because certain youngsters obviously are candidates for special artistic training, whole classes and companies of them are required to undergo it, though "most of this constructive work they are set at is unnatural, self-conscious and imitative." Even more serious than the misapplication of this or that particular method is the conscientious crowding of the child's cultural schedule, so that "he never gets time to find his own level, pick his own companions or spend his personal leisure—and everybody has a right to some personal leisure—as he wishes." This is all so sensible that one wishes Mrs. Bacon could be made educational dictator for a week. One can imagine the kindly ruthlessness with which she would halt what pedagogues refer to as the wheels of educational progress. That such a halt is in order, at least until we take our bearings and catch our breath, is much more certain than that it will occur.

The Travels of Father Schebesta

EXACTLY a year ago we noted the departure of Father Paul Schebesta for the pigmy tribes of Central Africa, and declared in passing that we did not know with what order or institute he was affiliated. It was very quickly apparent that our ignorance was not generally shared; from a dozen quarters came letters enlightening us as to first, his training under Father Wilhelm Schmidt, Director of the Mission Museum at the Lateran, secondly, his connection with Saint Gabriel's, centre of learning conducted by the Society of the Divine Word in Austria, and thirdly, his great work among the forest dwarfs of the Malay Peninsula. This week is therefore in the nature of an anniversary, and our radiant good luck it is that he should again be in the news. Thus the fates bind us in friendship to a man whom we have never seen, and who is unaware of the devouring interest with which we follow his every step. To us the report of his progress is at least an epic poem. But it would be indecent longer to withhold the news. "Father Schebesta spent the greater part of 1929 in the forests along the Ituri River, affluent of the Congo, and now moves toward the Ruwenzori Mountains near Lake Edward. From here he will again enter the Ituri forests to study the pigmy settlements found in the region

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of the Tchuapa River branch emptying into the Congo on the left bank."

IT WILL be a year, no doubt, before word of him again comes our way. And we suggest, hesitantly, that during that year he will be encountering in the real and living the substances of our most terrible dreams: jungles where no light enters, foul swamps, reptiles and savage beasts. There will be no ease, and there will always be the danger of fever. Or so, in our unsteady knowledge of Africa, we suppose. But we do not tremble for Father Schebesta. We have faith in this man. He will come smiling through every hardship, and he will return to teach us what he has learned about the pigmies. It is a noble work; inspired in its inception. For in this day, how few are the authentic quests left to the exploring spirit! All the lands have been visited before, and most of the tribes have already posed for photographs. Of those which remain unfamiliar, it seems to us that the pigmies, so like men and yet so unlike, offer the most interesting possibilities. Father Schebesta will tell us all about them. In ways known to learned men, he will demonstrate their physical relationship to their neighbors, the Negroes, and to us. He will do more. He will tell us what is in their hearts. We salute him.

IN THE death of Scannell O'Neill American Catholicism and Catholic journalism lose a diligent spirit. In his work and his private life Mr. O'Neill devoted himself to the Faith, which was the source of the principles to which he clung, and the justification of his being. Publicly he is known for his editorial association with the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee, the Michigan Catholic of Detroit, and the Catholic Columbian of Columbus; his co-authorship of the American Catholic's Who's Who; his contributions to Catholic journals and magazines; and his books, which include The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough, and Stepping Stones to God. Privately he will be remembered with gratitude for the fine example of his own life and his constant zeal. His great desire was to gain converts, and much of his literary work was directed toward that end. Many who mourn his passing find their tears ones of gratitude for the great gift of faith which he was instrumental in bringing to them. No monument of bronze or marble could be more enduring than this testimony to a lay missionary.

A Lay Missionary

BALANCED and reasonable men, whether they believe in capital punishment or oppose it, must regard with favor the amendment to New York's penal law recently proposed to the state legislature, with the approval of the Committee on Criminal Courts, Law and Procedure of the New York Bar Association. The requirement now prevailing in regard to "a murder committed in the course of another felony" is that it be categorically considered murder in the first degree. Convictions for this class of crime are, of course, automatically followed by the death sentence. The amendment empowers trying juries to bring in a verdict of "guilty with a recommendation for mercy." Its sponsors claim, with every appearance of humanity and reason, that this added flexibility of procedure would work in two ways to effect a more exact administration of justice. It would permit a commutation of severity in some special cases in which leniency is now technically barred; and, on the other hand, it would decrease the number of questionable acquittals which result from the unwillingness of juries to condemn to death certain offenders whom they do not think deserving of death. In following the states which have already adopted this eminently right-minded provision, New York would not, of course, be solving her whole problem of criminal justice, any more than they have. But the gain would be clear and measurable.

Amending the Penal Law

OWNING canvases is not just a matter of pride and enjoyment, as the latest news from New York Metropolitan Museum will show. The President's annual address states that "great and splendid benefactions" designed to defray building and acquisition costs have outdistanced by more than seven leagues "the funds for administration" accumulated some years ago. A deficit of $883,384 appears, therefore, to remind the public of the inadequacy of all mundane things—and to suggest that something must be done in a hurry. We trust it will. Meanwhile information regarding the expensiveness of beauty may be gleaned from available figures. The deficit is about one-half the total administrative cost; and the amount available is contributed in almost equal proportions by the city and the public. What is needed, therefore, is the price of a trim new Rodney planked down as an endowment. Since few places outside the United States could now raise that much money for such an object, one comes upon a further reason why illustrious canvases and statues are migrating to these shores. A picture is harder to house than a human being and requires more unremitting care. Nothing must be more carefully shielded against the inroads of old age, the effect of bad neighbors and the elements. May one believe that a European's sighs over a departing Titian are not wholly without a note of relief?

The High Cost of Art

GARGANTUA'S creator is remembered with touching fidelity by a large group of French savants, who have found out pretty nearly everything about this sixteenth-century editorial writer. For Rabelais was essentially that. He had, of course, no newspaper and the freedom of speech so abundantly provided nowadays was denied him. But his books were essentially commentaries on the life of the time, of which he had a vast if somewhat cynical knowl-

Sundry Rabelaisians

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edge. The question is: what does this editorial writer of 400 years ago mean to us? Obviously nine modern readers out of ten note only the obscenities of Rabelaisian diction, and hardly one in a thousand understands the allusions. It seems to us that Professor John Berdan, of Yale University, has discussed the problem very lucidly in a paper contributed to the current Saturday Review of Literature. He concedes that "according to our American conventions" the old author is "shocking." Much of American prudery, he goes on to remark, "is due to American plumbing." The citizen of Minnepitpaugh, Minnesota, hardly realizes that the sixteenth century was not erotic, but that the intimacy of life in those days "caused a knowledge and acceptance of the physical that has no parallel today." Our critic adds: "It is unfortunate, but I do not see what is to be done about it. It is too late to reform Rabelais. And so I tender my respectful sympathy to the ladies of Minnepitpaugh." We wish he had made it New Haven. The plumbing is better there and the ladies (one hopes) more sensitive.

THUS we are back to our familiar problem. Having no desire to popularize Rabelais, whose point of view now seems to lack subtlety and insight, we shall cease using him as an example. Is the broad diction of older writers as much of a dragon as we have been accustomed to suppose? Or should a frank knowledge of the physical go hand in hand with discernment of spiritual realities? To some extent the answer doubtless hinges upon national cultures. We recall that Mr. Chesterton, discussing English literary reticence (which has since virtually disappeared) saw the cause in the abundance of feminine readers. But this reasoning would not hold in France. Saint Francis de Sales wrote for a young lady, but talked shop with a frankness which more recent writers on religious topics avoid as they would sin. In our own case, education of youth has doubtless been the dominant concern. Obviously it cannot be argued that we are more spiritual as a result. A much better case than most people think can be made for realism, which takes things as they are and does not romance about them. Half the religious heresies of the world emanate from people who failed to content themselves with the bare facts of faith. And one wagers that half our moral divagations arise from inability to see man as he really is—a creature whom the Lord evidently intended for more humdrum purposes than he will sometimes concede.

The Times and Connie Mack

THE New York Times, though we blush to say it, has been taken in discourtesy, and the fact that it was unintentional must aggravate rather than relieve what we should like to think of as its embarrassment. In its comment on the selection of Mr. Connie Mack to receive the Philadelphia Award, established by the late Edward Bok, it pictured some member of the Committee as saying, " 'Gentlemen, Connie Mack brought us $100,000,000 worth of publicity free.' In the twentieth century," added the Times, "that settled it." To this Mr. W. Curtis Bok replies that the award was one which gave his father particular pleasure because of Connie Mack's years of effort to free baseball from undesirable associations, because of his fine sportsmanship, integrity and modesty; finally because the award was founded to recognize service beyond self in all spheres of activity, not alone the cultural, and this purpose was emphasized in the selection of Connie Mack. The answer is one which will commend itself particularly to the understanding of the Times. But we hope that the incident will not long act as a depressant in its councils. For we cannot do without the spoofing of the Times; indeed we do venerate its lighter moments as we should the sight of elephants making gay among the meadows.

LIKE A RAM'S HORN

IT IS no secret that we have been, editorially speaking, opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. Everything we have been able to learn about American civic experience during the past five years confirms us in that opposition. The law has not rooted out either drunkenness or the sale of alcoholic beverages. It has led to the suppression of no other vice. None of the blessings which the advocates of prohibition predicted is discernible anywhere; and instead our large cities are suffering more and more from the corruption attendant upon illicit traffic, mushroom growth of speakeasies masked as restaurants and night-clubs, and political connivance with groups whom the courts must list as outlaws. We are convinced, therefore, that any impartial observer, confronting the evidence now amassed, must necessarily believe that Vosteadism as a social remedy is as ineffective in practice as it is extreme in theory.

But among the effects of prohibition none is more regrettable and manifest than the tendency to render unpopular salutary and more than legitimate endeavors to foster temperance. Drinking is now fashionable. At smart parties cocktails of blended spirits and absinthe are served to young and old, male and female, without regard for varying degrees of intoxication. Does not a quite obvious glamour attach to the person who gets drunk? And where is the family which dares refuse its week-end guests quantities of gin which in days not long past would have given whole hamlets the headaches of their lives? It seems impossible that young people should realize, under such conditions, that strong liquor has ruined careers and wasted fortunes. And even their teachers not infrequently merit, when under the influence of a favorite brew, all the epithets which have gone into descriptions of flaming youth.

The history of the temperance movement is an interesting commentary on our present situation. Legislation to control traffic in liquors is comparatively mod-

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ern, it being affirmed that England had no such law until Henry VIII's time. The need of a real curb did not appear until the seventeenth century, when the price of spirits for the first time became low enough to permit widespread indulgence. No annals of human perversity are more harrowing to read than the records of the "gin epidemic" which cluttered the gutters of London and other cities with befuddled men, women and children. Parliament was helpless, despite the passage of law after law; and in the end such progress as was made toward sanity sprang from a revulsion of public feeling. One part of this revulsion expressed itself as "teetotalism," which was largely a protest of logic against reality. Statistics tended to show that when the drinking of spirits declined, the consumption of beer rose. Joseph Livesay and his English followers therefore advocated total abstinence from all forms of alcoholic drink.

In the United States development of the temperance reform reveals a similar trend. The earliest organizations were directed specifically against drunkenness. One of the very first—an association of farmers at Litchfield, Connecticut—did little more than agree not to give liquor to hired men, while another ruled that any member found intoxicated would have to pay a fine. It was only gradually that insistence upon complete abstinence became the normal slogan of temperance societies. Among Catholics the great leader was Father Theobald Mathew, an Irish priest who made a tour of the United States and rallied hundreds of thousands to his cause. Father Mathew's method was the famous "pledge," which bound the individual to foreswear alcohol in all its forms; and this, with various changes, lived on vigorously until after the coming of prohibition. In Protestant circles Miss Frances E. Willard was the great leader, and to her is due in large measure the successes of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, still the most influential society of its kind and pledged to foster abstinence by attacking the liquor traffic itself. Socially speaking, all this activity resulted in two important facts: the acceptance by a large number of citizens of total abstinence as a rule in personal morals; and a growing tendency to substitute wine and beer for spirits. Statistics indicate that even the saloons were becoming the property of the brewers; and liqueurs were practically unknown to the great majority of Americans. Thus two forms of attrition were grinding rapidly at the worst evils of drink—the appeal of total abstinence and the trend to fermented beverages.

Today, in our general aversion to Volsteadism, we are suffering from something quite like a veritable "gin epidemic." Bootleg spirits, concocted frequently of raw alcohol, are available at prices which the very poorest can afford. Even the rural districts, which have taken more widely than the cities to home-made brews, have been veering steadily to distilled products. A recent visitor to a middle-western state was offered, in a farm community, his choice of several brands of locally manufactured whisky which men who recalled the days of yore pronounced excellent. There is no drift toward wines and beers, regardless of the feeling that making these available might lessen the evils now existing. It all means that we are steadily exposing ourselves to, are sometimes actually inviting our young people to seek out, the degradation which invaded English life during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Look honestly at the situation among Catholics. Twenty years ago, no group was more actively laboring for temperance. Hundreds of priests had taken pledges themselves, and were in the habit of securing one kind or another of promise from first communicants, those who were confirmed, or Holy Name Society men. In not a few states Irish and German Catholics were among the most ardent advocates of restraint. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union had 100,000 members, and temperance addresses were popular. Nobody forgot that drunkenness is a sin, that hundreds of families had been ruined by the habit, and that indulgence of one sort opens the door to excesses of all kinds. And today? Everybody knows that an otherwise perfectly legitimate opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment has let down the bars. One sometimes believes that practically no social gathering is complete without the aroma of alcohol. The situation is so obvious that many prelates, priests and laymen are alarmed and are planning to revive old endeavors to foster temperance. They want to reach young people—to warn them that while a concept of personal liberty which differs from that held by Dr. Clarence True Wilson is one thing, debauch is another. With this movement we have every sympathy and shall encourage it as much as we possibly can.

There are just two aspects of the situation which seem to us to deserve stressing at present. The first is the danger of making prohibition a political issue, under cover of which perfectly disreputable nonentities may appeal for the support of wet voters, including Catholics. We believe that a candidate who announces that he is on either side of this question—either wet or dry, that is—invites special attention to his motives and record. Too frequently this sort of pronouncement is merely a cloak for moral and civic incompetence. Secondly, it is imperatively necessary to give the right sort of example to young people in the domain of temperance. Anybody who invites respect or emulation by reason of his position (be he clerical or lay) must avoid popularizing indulgence. For that can only mean, these days, greasing the inclined plane which leads to struggle with the most genuine of alcoholic demons—drinks often unwholesome in themselves, and always stronger than nature's intention. We shall be doing the coming generation a great wrong if we fail to teach how utterly every person of whom Christendom is proud was committed to that soberness and justice of living which is recommended as a sign of election in the very constitution of the Faith.

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Places and Persons

THE HEALING OF HAITI

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHAT will come of that one of the many commissions appointed by President Hoover which is to investigate conditions in Haiti cannot, of course, be safely predicted; a circumstance which it shares with all the others. There is something solidly scientific in the conception of fact-finding commissions. Modern life is so enormously complicated in all its operations and phases that any reasonable effort to get at rock-bottom facts is to be commended. Whether or not the various commissions really discover the facts; more important still, whether or not they dig down below the facts and reveal the principles and forces of which the visible facts are often merely the obscure expressions, are questions intensely debatable. It is not my present intention to debate them. Perhaps, however, a little light may be thrown upon the complex of confusing facts and circumstances which will face the Haitian commission by approaching that subject a little more indirectly and suggestively than it is possible to do merely through abstract discussion.

It was my good fortune to accompany a former Haitian commission appointed by President Harding in its tour of investigation in the black republic, and also in the neighboring republic of Santo Domingo, and perhaps some of my memories and impressions of that occasion may incidentally be useful to those readers who later on will follow and try to understand the reports that will come from the new commission.

The late Senator Medill McCormick was the chairman of ex-President Harding's commission; the other members of it being the late Senator Jones of New Mexico, and former Senator Pomerene of Ohio, and Senator Oddie of Nevada. There were also secretaries, and interpreters, and attachés from the marine headquarters of High Commissioner General Russell in Port au Prince, and, of course, a number of newspaper correspondents. My place was with the latter, representing the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. I bore letters of introduction to members of the hierarchy and to lesser yet important members of the clergy both in Haiti and in Santo Domingo. The latter country has its own native Church, with Archbishop Nouel, of Santo Domingo, eminent not only as a churchman but also as a historian and as a statesman (he served one brief and troubled term as President of his country). In Haiti the Church was organized under Propaganda Fide, as a mission country, the bishops and clergy being French, the sisters in the hospitals and schools also being from that great missionary land. It was at the time when the United States marines were being accused, and also abused, particularly by the more radical or liberal organs of our press on account of monstrous cruelties alleged against them. There was a Committee of Freedom for Haiti, with many active members in this country. When the commission reached Haiti it was met with a rousing street demonstration, bearing many signs composed in fluent and stirring English by American members of the patriotic Committee; several of whom had also obtained assignments from newspapers or press associations in the United States.

This threw a decidedly interesting light upon the nature of a large part of the publicity reaching readers in the United States. So did the further interesting fact that the representative of one of the largest of our press agencies was an employee of the senatorial commission; the official stenographer. Here was a really beautiful problem in the ethics of journalism (if there really is such a thing!). What becomes of objective truth when part of the publicity attendant upon a great public enquiry is gathered and written by a paid employee of the official, government side of the case, and another part is industriously, and even more fervidly, gathered and presented by avowed opponents of the governmental case?

The case for the United States government intervening in Haiti and Santo Domingo when it did—considering all the circumstances: the menace of an occupancy of the island by Germany or some other European power during the world war, and the frightful condition of disorder in Haiti—seemed to me a compelling one. Nevertheless, there were elements of financial and commercial imperialism mixed up with the worthier motives for the occupation which were not so acceptable. As for the conduct of the marines, undoubtedly there had been abuses and several instances of even outrageous tyranny; but these had been the acts of isolated commanders of small units, touched by sun fever, and perhaps by the potency of alcohol, and certainly not directed or approved by the higher command. Moreover, what had been accomplished by the marine government in improving sanitation, in building roads, and, generally speaking, in accomplishing that exterior, material improvement of conditions which higher civilizations unquestionably bring in the wake of their military or their commercial imperialism, had been admirable and would endure: unless, of course, the island lapsed back too suddenly, or without some central, civilized control, into the hands of the small oligarchy of Negroid aristocrats. These latter gentry, wrote and spoke the most eloquent republican and libertarian sentiments imaginable, but for generations had kept the common people in ignorance,

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almost in savagery, while giving their own children high education in Paris, Berlin and Madrid, while sharing the taxes and customs income among themselves in a routine varied by numerous and bloody revolutions, each one of which, however, sooner or later simply resulted in reëstablishing the rule of some despot or clique among the minority of powerful leaders, black or yellow, leaving the poor peasants and workers in the same condition, or a worse one, as that from which the revolutions were to rescue them. I had witnessed the same grim, sordid, horrible tragicomedy in Mexico. The version in Haiti was merely a cruder model of a fairly general type of political hypocrisy, subtly blended with humanitarian fanaticism.

However, one thing was certain, where so many others were confused or doubtful, namely, the good work of the Church. The French missionaries in Haiti, both men and women, were self-sacrificing, patient, untiring workers for the good of the poor, the victimized black and mixed-blood population.

Only a few weeks before our arrival in Haiti, a priest had been poisoned, presumably by a devotee of Voodoo. On a night drive with marine officers from Port au Prince to Cap Haitian in the north, I heard the Voodoo drums booming in the hills and saw the red blossoms of fire in the jungle which signalized the gathering of groups of the worshipers of Voodoo. Back still further in the hills, so the missionaries told me—and they were the truly well informed of all on the island—the people were lapsing back into a condition closely resembling the primitive savagery of their African forefathers. Yet whenever and wherever the Church found footing and some support, the Faith made way. Vocations were appearing among the blacks as well as among the more developed natives of Santo Domingo, where, indeed, nearly all the clergy were of native stock, some of them of pure Spanish blood, others of mixed origin. The newspapers tell us that two of the new commission to Haiti are Catholic laymen, a gentleman from Rhode Island, Elie Vezina, who is presumably of French racial origin, and James Kerney of Trenton, New Jersey, the celebrated publisher of the Trenton Times. That is good news; not that Catholics expect them to do subtle propaganda or indeed any kind of propaganda for their religion, but unless or until our government realizes that in such countries as Haiti, Santo Domingo and Mexico, not to know the truth concerning the Church and the conditions amid which it works, is to ignore or at least not to know about one of the most vital elements for the future stability of our relations either with dependencies or semi-dependencies or protectorates, or with the Catholic nations to the south with which we have to deal. For the sake of trade, and for the sake of culture, to say nothing about religion simply as religion, it should be taken into consideration.

It is extraordinary that this point does not seem to be recognized. It is amazing that more of our ministers and consuls in Latin America are not Catholics or at any rate educated gentlemen able and willing to learn about the Catholic Church, and the place it bears in the life of our southern neighbors. Perhaps the new Foreign Service School at Georgetown will help to redress this badly balanced situation. It is well known that a large number in the foreign office which so ably serves the interests of the British empire are Catholics. Never, except from professional bigots, does there arise a suggestion, in England, that British interests are not justly and properly served by these Catholic servants of the state. The state there seems to recognize that the special qualifications of a Catholic in dealing on behalf of his country with nations of Catholic culture, or where the Church plays a vital part in the life of the people, is a very practical qualification. Perhaps the fault in the United States, in this regard, as so often happens in other matters, is chiefly to be attributed to Catholics themselves. Perhaps we have not yet developed that sense of service to the state, in diplomacy and foreign relations, and prefer rather to seek the more immediate and perhaps more financially profitable political positions open to energetic or lucky practical politicians at home. I do not say so; I raise the question. At any rate, it seems an interesting and highly debatable one.

In Santo Domingo I saw the house of Columbus and his nephews. I stood beside the shrine which contains the bones of the great discoverer. One could not help but recall that the chief object of his voyage was not to discover new lands, but to find his way eventually to Jerusalem the Holy, as leader of a new crusade, and that to spread the Faith rather than commerce was his driving desire. The cannon-ball shot by Freebooter Drake when he sailed into the Spanish Main, and then around the south end of America and up the western coast, looting towns and burning churches, was visible in the roof of the old cathedral. That ancient quarrel has died down, like so many others. Why then should we start a new one with the people of Haiti and Santo Domingo? It may indeed be necessary to maintain a semi-protectorate, or some form of patronage of that romantic island for some time to come; but certainly we should not do it merely for business reasons, good as business reasons are in their proper place; and still less because of any imperialistic lust.

The thing can be worked out; but not without some continuity of policy at Washington. As all the American officials on the island told the correspondents over and over again, one chief trouble in dealing with the problems in both republics was the seesaw, inconstant, apparently even fickle methods prevailing in Washington. While the idea of commissions is in the air, it might be proper to propose still another, namely, one to consider whether the formation of a body of permanent secretaries at Washington, to keep our relations with foreign countries, and particularly those over which we have assumed some measure of responsibility, from fluctuating so badly as they have done in the past.

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A CLOUD FROM CANADA

By DON C. SEITZ

In the following article an interesting thesis is advanced: "Rich as these United States are, they cannot endure eternally the economic drain brought about by the operations of the Eighteenth Amendment." The nation's money is, if we may credit Mr. Seitz, being vacuum-cleaned out of its very pockets by surrounding countries which are not dry. Indeed Canada is an example of a land driven by financial decay to repudiate its anti-liquor legislation. The author thinks he sees a way out of the difficulty: the pressure of economic fact upon public opinion.—The Editors.

WHEN the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect through the operations of the Volstead Act, it was met with similar legislation on the part of the Canadian provinces. They became bone dry—much more so, indeed, than our own territory, and constituted a bulwark to the North that left the ocean the only copious source of liquor supply. Much came oversea direct from Scotch distilleries; more from the little specks in the ocean, lying some thirteen miles off the south coast of Newfoundland, noted on the maps as "St. Pierre et Miquelon." They, alone, were salvaged by France from the vast domain lost to England as the outcome of the Seven Years' War, to be a harbor of refuge for the fishing fleets that crossed annually from Normandy and Brittany. More ships than those of fishermen speedily found their way to this rendezvous, bearing richer cargoes than salt and seines. They were smugglers of all sorts of rich wares, not the least of which were wines and liquors.

To a wet Canada these venturers were of no great importance, as the illicit trade was almost wholly in luxuries. But when the dominion became dry, the situation altered. Newfoundland had also adopted prohibition, and the vessels making port at the islands grew from smacks to steamers, laden heavily with wines and spirits. The warehouses bulged with bottles and a most profitable commerce came into being. The islands fed Rum Row off the New York coast, snuggling safely beyond the three-mile limit that then marked the freedom of the waves. By a treaty of which, in view of its past history, America had every right to be ashamed, the line of liberty was moved out nine miles farther and Volsteadism boasted of victory.

The province of Quebec, hard pressed because of economic conditions originating with the war, found its scant cash flowing ever away, and readily traced its destination. It was moving to France, via St. Pierre and Miquelon. In season this drain became too great to be withstood. She could not build roads, maintain adequate schools, or do any of the things her people required for their welfare. The motor car was clamoring for highways; the educators for facilities; creditors for their dues.

In this extremity she traced the cause of her economic distress to the dry act and repealed it, substituting therefor government sale and control of the liquor traffic. The results amazed even best wishers. Where the treasury had been empty it began to bulge. More schools, more teachers, and ample road-building became possible. From poverty and despair she rose to affluence.

Between the conditions so created in Quebec and the French Islands, Newfoundland, where church influences govern, was being pushed toward bankruptcy. She had lived by selling her resources for songs, and now these were gone. Nothing remained but to yield. She took on the Quebec system to great advantage, though still contributing to France.

Do not imagine that Quebec drew all her prosperity from the pockets of the inhabitants. Not at all! She could not lift herself to wealth by her bootstraps, and drew tremendously upon her neighbors; vastly from the United States. The pioneer prohibition state of Maine, in its hunt for tourist travel, opened a route to Quebec, via Jackman, following closely the trail taken by Benedict Arnold on his bold raid in November and December, 1777.

Motorists were not slow to discover its picturesque merits and pleasant ending. With a bottle a day ahead, they wore out the path. Uncle Sam, looking upon Maine as the alma mater of dryness did not bother about it, but left it to the state which has Dirigo for a motto to stop the flood. Curiously she did not. It would have cost money and Maine is not greatly given to spending hers on other folks.

Of larger effect, however, and more far reaching in the case of the United States, was that on the rich province of Ontario, alongside of so much of our own best territory. Montreal was soon a centre of attraction for the inhabitants of the moral city of Toronto. Ontario had been made dry largely at the behest of farmers who grew grapes and made wine coöperatively. This could be bought in quantities of not less than four gallons through government express offices. It made no special appeal to the palate but was good for votes.

The money flow toward Quebec grew wide and deep. Quebec prospered in revenues and trade; Ontario receded. Prime Minister Ferguson, able man that he is, discerned the cause. He announced his purpose three years ago to adopt the Quebec policy and put it through. Instantly the western neighbors, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, in turn had to follow to save their bacon. Two years ago New Brunswick, Maine's eastern neighbor, yielded to the pressure. On October 31, 1929, Nova Scotia, oldest of all in dehydration, by a majority of more than twenty

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thousand in a vote of one hundred and thirty, fell into the well. She, too, could no longer stand the economic strain, or see American tourists flocking to her neighbor and giving her attractions the go-by. The day before, October 30, Ontario, by a decisive vote, affirmed her faith in Ferguson's course.

So it has now come to pass that tiny Prince Edward Island, inhabited by potato-raising farmers, out of the tourist track and handy to St. Pierre and Miquelon, alone remains arid in British North America.

The Canadian figures for 1928 show that 3,645,455 motor cars were registered as entering the dominion from the United States. The estimate is that their passengers left a grand total of $200,000,000 behind, neatly adjusting an unfavorable trade balance. The indications for 1929 are much greater, with a corresponding increase in the dropping of dollars.

Rich as these United States are, they cannot endure eternally the economic drain brought about by the operations of the Eighteenth Amendment. The loss to Canada is duplicated in a measure to Mexico, and Rum Row is not wholly out of business. Cuba, Bermuda and the Bahamas take toll, "climate" being far from the sole attraction of West Indian resorts. Suction is being applied in all directions.

To the money taken away by these processes add the $300,000,000 annual loss in internal revenue, the cost of enforcement and a majestic line of evils, and it becomes certain that economic forces are at work to end Volsteadism. How, it will be asked, can the revolution be brought about? For one thing it is already under way. Two states, Rhode Island and Connecticut, never accepted the amendment. New York, Wisconsin and one of the Dakotas have decided that enforcement is none of their troubles. To justify what is occurring we need only to recall the practices under the several fugitive slave laws. These, like the Volstead Act, were federal statutes with federal provisions for enforcement. The duty to return runaway servitors was plainly stated in the constitution. Indeed the clause is still there. It did not name Negroes, but required that

> No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such labor or service is due.

There is nothing equivocal about this, but the northern states, in which many slaves were still held, showed no zeal in making local laws for the purpose of rendering up bondsmen. Accordingly, in 1793 a fugitive slave law was passed by Congress to which small heed was paid, and when anti-slavery agitation in the forties enhanced escaping over Mason and Dixon's line, it was called into use. One immediate result was the enactment by Massachusetts of a statute, on March 24, 1843, called An Act Further to Protect Personal Liberty. Its terms are worth reciting:

> Section 1. No judge of any court of record of this commonwealth and no justice of the peace, shall hereafter take cognizance or grant a certificate in cases that may arise under the third section of an Act of Congress, passed February 12, 1793, and entitled "An Act respecting fugitives from justice and persons escaping from the service of their masters," to any person who claims any other person as a fugitive slave within the jurisdiction of the commonwealth.
>
> Section 2. No sheriff, deputy-sheriff, coroner, constable, judge, or other officer of the commonwealth shall hereafter arrest, detain or aid in the arrest or detention or imprisonment in any jail or other building belonging to the commonwealth, or to any county, city or town thereof, of any person for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave.
>
> Section 3. Any justice of the peace, deputy-sheriff, coroner, constable or jailor, who shall offend against the provisions of this law, by in any way acting directly or indirectly under the power conferred by the third section of the Act of Congress aforementioned, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding $1,000 for every such offense, to the use of the county where the offense is committed, or shall be subject to imprisonment not exceeding one year in the county jail.

This flat defiance of the constitution and the federal powers did not lead to a declaration from Washington that Massachusetts was in rebellion or nullifying the laws of the nation. The government was free to catch the levanting darkies—if it could. It proceeded to do so in several instances, and despite some rioting carried its point. The South had joined the union under the clause protecting what it deemed rightful property and had every right to demand its enforcement—from the federal government, but not Massachusetts!

Logically the situation is the same today anent the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. The police commissioner of the country's greatest city has advised the Federal Enforcement Bureau that he has other business to attend to. Boston is rising anew. The prohibition states in the Southland are once more in the same situation as they were previous to emancipation, with the added embarrassment that they are nullifying an amendment—the Fifteenth—granting votes to persons of African descent, whose grandfathers are in doubt. It is all a fine mess and a sufficient manifestation of the fact that sumptuary and franchise laws have no place in the constitution. The South stands in the way of the repeal of the one; the North in that of the other. So far the nation shows no signs of falling apart.

Failing, however, to secure swift repeal it may be safely asserted that nullification is first and erasure second in the process of eliminating Volstead and his works. Economics can always be relied upon to erase false moves whether made for moral or protective reasons. Their force is ever being roundly exerted. In the long run, the majority rules by reason of necessities rather than of opinions.

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IS MR. HUGHES A FEDERALIST?

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

FOR generations the schoolbooks have inculcated the belief that the Federalist party passed from power when Thomas Jefferson succeeded John Adams in 1801. Something in the nature of an earthquake, like the upheaval in the Senate over confirmation of Chief Justice Hughes, was needed to bring about a realization that federalism still controls one-third of the government of the United States; to wit, the Supreme Court.

It was a sudden realization of that fact which produced the three-day uproar in the Senate and was responsible for more than one-third of the Senate (twenty-six who actually voted and seven who were paired) registering their opposition to the confirmation of Mr. Hughes. It was the greatest peace-time controversy over the Supreme Court in history. To find an approximation of it it is necessary to go back to the days of the Dred Scott decision, but in that instance the slavery issue had become so acute that the war spirit was already abroad in the land. Moreover the discussion of the Dred Scott decision related to the conduct of a Chief Justice already on the bench and to a specific decision already rendered. In the case of Mr. Hughes the controversy, with comparatively trivial exceptions such as the Shreveport decision handed down during his previous tenure on the Supreme bench, had nothing to do with specific judicial actions of his. The opposition to his confirmation visualized him as a symbol, as the animated flag of that present-day federalism which, distrustful of popular control of government, seeks to enfold property rights and privileges in a protecting mantle of law expounded by a Court far removed from and impervious to popular sentiment.

In other words, Mr. Hughes was opposed because a considerable group in the Senate disagrees with decisions they expect him to hand down in the future on cases yet unborn.

Remarkable also is the fact that there was no personal bitterness in the fight against Mr. Hughes. Save for one senator whose notorious eccentricities discount all of his actions, it is doubtful if any member of the Senate so much as thought of questioning the nominee's integrity, ability or absolute honesty.

Nor was there any partizanship in the opposition. Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, the Democratic leader, cabled from London a request to be paired in favor of confirmation. Such prominent Democrats as Harrison of Mississippi, Swanson of Virginia, Copeland and Wagner of New York and Walsh of Massachusetts, voted for the new Chief Justice. Incidentally, a solid Democratic vote against Mr. Hughes would have resulted in the rejection of his nomination.

The issue was a clash of fundamental principles. To his opponents Mr. Hughes was the protagonist of property rights as against human rights. To them his accession to the Chief Justiceship means merely the addition of another to that element on the Supreme bench whose final interpretations of the laws of the land are constantly rendered to the accompaniment of "Justices Holmes and Brandeis (and frequently Stone) dissenting."

The famous Baltimore Street Railway case, in the determination of which Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone dissented, was one frequently adverted to in the Hughes debate as an illustration of the far-reaching effect of the economic convictions of Supreme Court Justices. It was in this case that the Court held that a rate fixed by the Maryland Public Utilities Commission which would allow a return of 6.26 percent on a valuation, including a $5,000,000 allowance for an "easement" in the city streets, was confiscatory.

Senator Borah (Republican) of Idaho, in one of the most impressive speeches he has ever made in the Senate singled out this decision. He said:

> It illustrates the wide division of views with reference to one of the most important questions from a legal and economic standpoint which in my judgment confronts the people of the United States today; that is to say, what shall be a reasonable rate and what shall constitute the rate base for the public utilities and for all those companies and organizations who have succeeded in securing hold of the great natural resources of the country for which the people must now pay them for their use. . . . We must either establish a reasonable rule and a reasonable rate with reference to the use of these or we shall be driven to public ownership of all these resources and means of transportation.

Digressing from economic issues to the famous Newberry case, Borah pointed out that Mr. Hughes who defended the Michigan Senator had contended that the federal government was without power to legislate with respect to the conduct of senatorial primaries.

> If Mr. Hughes, instead of Chief Justice White, had sat as Chief Justice we would today be in this position, that the Congress of the United States would be wholly without power to protect against corruption on the part of those who were seeking a position in the United States Senate, if that corruption took place any time prior to the actual election.

When Senator Shortridge (Republican) of California interrupted Borah to ask "Does not the Senator differentiate between the advocate and the judge?" Borah got in one of his most telling arguments.

> I cannot conceive that Mr. Hughes would go before the Supreme Court of the United States to fasten upon this country a constitutional construction which would

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last for all time and affect the people so long as the government endures unless he actually believed in it.

To many who witnessed it the most remarkable phase of the Hughes controversy was the aftermath, the almost unprecedented attack upon the Court itself which was launched in the Senate on the day after Mr. Hughes had been confirmed. With the Chief Justice himself no longer an issue, Republican and Democratic Progressives joined in a denunciation of "judge-made law," of government by injunctions, of federal judicial interference in the internal concerns of states. Threats of constitutional amendments to strip the Court of its power to hold acts of Congress unconstitutional, and to provide for popular election of the Supreme Court Justices, were voiced. The time honored taboo—practically inviolate since the Dred Scott decision—which has held Supreme Court decisions to be above public criticism, was tossed aside.

Senator Norris of Nebraska, who is Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and himself a former judge and a great constitutional lawyer, shattered precedents by heaping public ridicule upon the Court's decision in the Baltimore Street Railway case, mentioned above.

A return of 6.26 percent even on a greatly exaggerated and fictitious valuation is confiscation, the Supreme Court said. Is there a schoolboy or a schoolgirl in America that does not know that is not true? If the Supreme Court should say that black is white, we would all know that it is not.

Senator Dill (Democrat) of Washington joined in with the opinion that while the Dred Scott decision was designed to fasten the institution of chattel slavery upon the territories of the United States, the present tendency of the Court is to condemn the entire nation to economic slavery.

Dill predicted bluntly that when the people become convinced that the Supreme Court is their "oppressor" and realize that the Justices hold office for life, the people "will find means to change this situation."

If the Supreme Court has been "dragged into politics" by the Hughes controversy, Dill and others said, it is up to the court to determine by its future decisions whether it will stay in politics by arrogating to itself powers which should be exercised by Congress.

Perhaps the extraordinary outburst over the Hughes nomination is merely another illustration of the ever-growing frankness of the age. However, there is a well-founded impression in Washington that it was more than that. Some see in it the dawn of a new order, a development as significant as that which took place when men first began to question the divine right of kings.

TOMORROW IN AVIATION

By H. O. PETERS

MORE speculation, mental and financial, has centered about aviation in the last two years than about any other single industry. Even the highest grade aviation stocks suffered amazing set-backs during the fall market débâcle. Nor have they since shown any distinct tendency toward firm recovery. It is not unnatural that thousands of disappointed stockholders, as well as the normally curious public, should be asking whether, after all, aviation has any real future.

As now organized aviation has three main markets. First, the sale of planes, and of instruction in piloting them, to individuals. Second, the sale of transportation service to passengers. Third, the sale of transportation for inanimate objects. There has been a great deal of guesswork among the public as to the relative importance of these three markets, and no end of confusion within the industry itself. But as conditions are gradually shaping themselves, it appears that the three markets stand in exactly the reverse of the order given above.

The whole history and economics of transportation bear out the belief that aviation from now on must look first of all to air freight to carry the burden of fixed investment in equipment and terminals. In 1928, less than $.16 out of every dollar received by the American railroads came from passengers. More than $.84 came from freight and express. If the railroads were to attempt, as aviation has been attempting for two years, to draw their chief revenue from passengers, the mileage rates would be so high that only millionaires could travel. Yet the railroads have been promoting passenger traffic for seventy years, and in recent times have had no fear complex to contend with.

If you examine the promotion material put out by the large aviation companies, the schedule services they have laid out, and the public statements of their leading executives, you will find only the most casual reference to air freight, and that the whole effort has been directed at persuading passengers to take to the air. It would seem that Lindbergh's flight to Paris brought to life the magic thought that at last man had wings—that men could now move swiftly through space with the accuracy of crow flight. But somewhere in the popular enthusiasm, was lost (perhaps because far less romantic) the more valuable, revenue-producing thought that packages and boxes could now have wings. Only in the development of air mail—which was distinctly a promotion of the government, and an indirect subsidy—can one find a trace of the common sense which railroad and steamship experience ought to have furnished.

In its two transportation markets, freight and pas-

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sengers, aviation has but one thing to sell—that commodity known as capacity "revenue ship hours." It stands to reason that passenger rates cannot be profitably lowered as long as they must bear the sole burden of administration overhead, interest on terminal investment, and maintenance of airways and ground personnel. But in these days, when freight-carrying costs, including the write-off of equipment, can be brought well below $.05 per pound per 100 miles, there is no reason, save inertia or lack of foresight, why the aviation industry cannot develop an emergency express market covering the major portion of its fixed expenses and allowing lower and yet profitable passenger rates.

In the passenger market itself, aviation's future remains largely a problem of engineering. The increased use of radio beacons, of ground "lead-in" cables, and of special instruments in the planes themselves, gives promise of gradually solving the fog danger. Such radical improvements in design as those embodied in the winner of the recent Guggenheim safety contest will greatly reduce the number of accidents due to pilot errors. This new type of plane can land in very small areas, even when they are surrounded by relatively high obstructions, and remain under control, and thoroughly stable, at air speeds and in positions which might cause a spin in older types. These advances will go far to establish public confidence in the inherent safety of air operations. For the rest, successful operations records are the best of all forms of promotion effort, and here again, a large increase in schedule air freight operations would go far to familiarize the public with air activity.

Aviation's third market—the sale of private planes and flight instruction—involves many factors seldom discussed. Air travel is in three dimensions. Its danger increases in exact proportion to the number of free-lance planes cavorting through space over any given ground area. Unless and until, through radio equipment, air roads are established, with certain altitudes reserved exclusively for private planes, the limit on private flying, with its dangers of collision, will be established by public opinion and public interest. This will be represented by the peaceful groundling and also by the schedule air transport lines who must think first, last and always of the safety of their passengers or cargoes.

To understand this difficulty thoroughly, one must imagine the viewpoint of railroads if automobiles could travel across country, like tanks, so that every locomotive engineer might expect automobiles and trucks to cross his tracks at any and every point of the line without warning. Undoubtedly, private flying can expand very largely from its present restricted use without creating a public menace. But it cannot expand indefinitely or in anything like the proportion of private motoring. The real future of aviation lies in its two transportation markets, and the intelligence and ultimate earning power of the industry can be measured largely in terms of the energy and common sense with which aviation executives will attack first the business of air express and, secondly, the slow and natural increase in passenger traffic. Up to now, aviation has been going at its basic problems upside down, and in full defiance of allied transportation experience.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF LABOR

By WILLIAM COLLINS

WE ARE indebted to the United States Bureau of Statistics for the opportunity of reading about labor conditions as they existed in the early days of the colonies. This bureau so intelligently conducted by the picturesque, but efficient Ethelbert Stewart, brightens many a page of statistics with that occasional human sedative so essential to any study of economics. Bulletin 449 is impressive, as bulletins go, but imagine finding this nugget among pages and pages of statistics:

> This Essex County [Massachusetts] Court, considering the great difficultie and discouragement that at present lyes pressing vpon many inhabitants of this jurisdiction, especially vpon such, as whose callings are in husbandry, not only by reason of the afflicting hand of God vpon them seuerall yeares in blasting their principall grayne . . . but also difficultie and discouragement are yet heaped and increasing vpon them and others by reason of the excessive deerenes of labour by artificers, labourers and servants, contrary to reason and equitie, to the great prejudice of many householders and their famillyes, and tending to their vtter ruein and vndoeing, and the produce thereof is by many spent to mayntayne such brauery in apparell which is altogether vnbecoming their place and ranck, and in idleness of life and a great part spent viciously in taverns and alehouses and other sinful practices, much to the dishonor of God, scandall of religion, and great offence and griefe to sober and godly people among vs. All which timely to prevent, this Court account it their duty carefully by all good meanes to provide, and therefore doe order as followeth:
>
> These wages are allowed as aboue to workmen dyeting themselves. Carpenters and Masons, and Stone-layers from March 1 to October 10, 2/(33.3) 33c. per day; and all worke taken by the great piece by Carpenters, masons, joyners, or shinglers, is to be apportioned according to the equitie of the value of dayes' worke as above, they dyeting themselves.
>
> Master Taylors, and such as are fully workemen of that trade, for one daye's worke of 12 hours, 1/8 (28 cents). Apprentices to that trade the first of four yeares, the like daye, 1/ (16.7 cents). And all weauers for their worke at 12 hours per day, are to haue the like wages as taylors.

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> If any person shall paye or receaue more then according to the rates aboue expressed, he or they, bot buyer and seller, shall forefeit the full treble value of what shall be payed or receaued, one-halfe to the enformer and the other halfe to the Treasurer of the seuerall County Courts.
> May 17, 1670 (Wm. Torrey, Cleric.)

The sensible people of the colonies must have been in the majority, because the court order was voted down. The informers and reformers of those days demanded that courts regulate the lives of the workers, the same as our present-day regulators believe legislation will solve all of our economic problems.

The school teachers of the seventeenth century were not so important as they have become in our present society. An English bookkeeper, "being reduced to the last shilling I hade, was obliged to go to Virginia for four years as a school-master for Bedd, Board, Washing, and five pounds ($24.50), during the whole time." His diary continues:

> Munday, June 20. This morning entred to school, Phillip and Dorothea. This day, Mr. Samuel Edge Planter came to me and begged me to take a son of his to school, who was both deaf and dum, and I consented to try what I could do with him.

When he was not busy teaching, he acted as bookkeeper and purchasing agent for his master, and when in town, in the latter capacity, he occasionally picked up such additional jobs as writing a "love-letter from Mr. Anderson to one Peggy Dewar at the House of Mr. John Mitchell at the Wilderness." Another entry dated April 23, 1776, two years after he entered service reads:

> At noon, road to town. Got the newspapers and settled with Mr. Porter, for teaching his two sons 12 months when he very gentelly allowed me six pounds [$20.00] for them, besides a present of two silk vests and two pair of nankeen breeches last Summer and a gallon of Rum at Christenmas. Both he and Mrs. Porter, being extreamly satisfied with what I had don to them.

The school system which the Dutch founded and fostered very nearly collapsed under English rule in the colony, the representatives of which were "occupied with other things." Schools there were, but so poorly supported that our historian Smith testifies that after he was born, "Such was the negligence of the day, that an instructor could not find bread from the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants."

In spite of the fact that in the southern and middle colonies, "it was largely the redemptioners and indentured servants that instructed the youths of the time," the schoolmaster of that class was not "a model of excellence." In fact, he was not supposed to be, and his character was usually in keeping with his reputation. That sobriety was at a premium among this class may be inferred from the following advertisement:

> Wanted a sober person that is capable of teaching a school, such a person, coming well recommended may find encouragement in said employee.

The barbers in the early days were practically in the same class as the teachers. They charged for their services by the month or quarter instead of by the job. In 1724 the Boston barbers were about the only ones who had an organization. Thomas Jefferson's monthly bill at the barber's was 20 shillings ($3.33). Another entry in Jefferson's account book in the same year, 1784, reads: "Bob begins work with a barber at 15 shillings ($2.50) a month." He was evidently an assistant of some sort. An agreement made in Philadelphia in 1807 between a hatter and a barber calls for three shaves a week at $2.00 a quarter, to be paid for in hats. In the manuscript collection of Jones Family Papers "to one year's shaving, July, 1724, to 1725—15 shillings" ($2.50).

The story of danger, labor difficulties, privation and tragedy for the rough, unskilled labor that forced a path into a wilderness runs through the prosaic clerical entries in the account against

> the Province of Pennsylvania for charges on opening a road from the back settlements of said province towards the Ohio for the King's service in pursuance of an application from the late General Braddock.

The laborers were paid 2 shillings ($.326 a day); working time was calculated from the day each man arrived at the road. Enemy Indians attacked the camps and the labor force was seriously disrupted not only by killings at the hands of the Indians, but by the loss of men who "deserted the service at the time our people was scalped by the Indians." Speaking of conditions in the country in 1784, "MacMaster said that the wage of the unskilled laborer was $.25 a day."

Domestic servants shipped from Holland into Pennsylvania, in 1663, for example, were under indenture to serve for a term of years to defray the expenses of bringing them over, but they also received yearly wages of 60 and 70 and 80 guilders, ($24, $28 and $32). They were designated as "indentured servants" and "redemptioners." Indentured servants came to the new world under contract to pay for their passage either to the ship master or the owner by working until such time they paid the indenture. "Redemptioners" were usually persons who, desiring to emigrate, but having no means to pay for their own passage, permitted the shippers to dispose of their services. The distinction was largely one of procedure, because, when a redemptioner had been sold, he had the legal status of an indentured servant. Importation of servants to the early colonies was largely an individual matter, but gradually it grew into a business, with the development of a steady market and greater shipping facilities. That it was a profitable undertaking is suggested by the fact that a servant might be transported at a cost of from 6 to 8 pounds ($29 to $38) and sold for 40 or 60 pounds ($194 to $291). This business, which was legitimate, naturally led to evils both in procuring and in transporting, which discredited the entire traffic. Children and adults were kidnapped

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to keep up the business volume for the shipping. It became so alarming that it compelled legislative action. Parliament granted the request with an act, making the stealing and transportation of children and adults a crime punishable by death, "without benefit of clergy." It was hard to stop this profitable form of business, and it is reported that ten years after the act became a law, 10,000 persons were annually kidnapped from Great Britain.

Bulletin 449, bearing all the earmarks of the usual government publication, carries much information of occupations existing in the colonies at that time. We wonder if there is as much change in human families as we are led to believe by the advent of scientific industry. Has the mass productive method with its horse-power and waste elimination, changed the real make-up of the human family? The courts representing the colonies decried the extravagance of the working people, drinking in ale taverns and wearing their buckskin pants abbreviated or made with a flourish known as the bell bottom.

Today equity courts prevent the worker from joining trade-unions while the calenders of federal courts are cluttered with owners and habitués of speakeasies.

THE NIGHT-HORSE

By HENRY G. LAMOND

AS A schoolboy cherishes his blood-alley tor, as a Scotchman protects his corkscrew—yea, even as a bride guardeth her groom—so does a drover regard his night-horse. Mollison may be an adornment to the race-course, Destiny might be the daddy of 'em all on the cattle camp, Sweetheart may shine par excellence as a near leader of the four-in-hand, and Devotion may be a gem for long rides over the plains; but when the cattle are on camp at night old Dandy is a jewel in a rare setting. Those other horses may earn their oats and a bit to boot; but on Dandy's wise old head and on his stout old heart rests the success of the trip.

With greater care than that with which a girl selects her sweetheart does a drover pick his night-horse. It is hard to say what would be the primary essential. Pluck in unlimited quantities must be his; intelligence of a high order is necessary; unless he is sure-footed all else is vain; he must have a dash of toe a shade above the average; he—hang it all, in memory of a sweet little thing which was once my pride and pleasure, let us change the sex of this our night-horse. She must be a paragon of all the excellences and then some more. She must be able to cut and come again and to hang on and keep going when all but life itself has sped, and then she must be able to unwind a final sprint that takes her to the lead and keeps her there. That is our night-horse. We must stifle the predilections of her sex to the extent of keeping down on gay coloring. A piebald horse on watch at night with the cattle is anathema. That, at first glance, may give the cattle the impression that a man is riding a bullock. A freak of that sort would be enough to lift the most staid bullock in alarm and send him racing madly from the conjured horror of the spectacle. Greys are not so bad. But if a drover uses greys, then they must all be greys. If a bullock accustoms himself to a guardian on a sombre colored horse, goes to sleep and wakes suddenly on the next watch when the new man is riding a sepulchral mount, then that bullock is hardly to be blamed if he puts his head down and goes for the lick of his life in fear. Bays or browns, dark chestnuts or other common colorings are what we'll have in this our paragon.

The cattle are drifting down the river. The camp has been picked, and a bit before sundown the horse-tailer goes to get the two night-horses to tie them for the night watches. At any other time of the day Dandy and Dainty are friends of the horse-tailer. But approaching sundown, and when the cattle are working toward the camp, both those horses have other notions. Then they are the very dickens and all to catch, then they dodge and provoke, and then, knowing what is ahead of them, they play all the fool tricks in their respective repertoires. Really, it is only a form of humor run loose, a cussed contrariness which moves the horse-tailer to bad language, to threats, and almost to tears. But they suffer themselves to be caught, and as the cattle draw on camp and lie down, those two horses are taken to the spot where the men are to sleep. Alternately one will be on watch all through the night, the other being tied to a tree waiting its turn, and, as the sun sinks and the drovers ride toward the camp for supper, Dainty goes out to keep the first watch.

It is a quiet camp. The bullocks have been on the road nearly a month, they are nicely broken in, and all is well. The man on watch, doing his two or three hours as the case may be, rides round and round the camping cattle, singing, whistling, talking, reciting, playing a mouth organ or making any sort of a noise to advertise his presence. The cattle demand it. They like to know when the man is coming and to be warned of his presence from afar. Did he burst on them suddenly without due notice of his approach a nervous beast might flounder to its feet in fear, and the next minute all that will be left of that camp of cattle will be a memory and a cloud of dust.

Dandy pokes around, his reins hanging loose on his neck, and without advice from his rider he steers out from the mob and edges over toward a tree. When he nears that tree a ghostly apparition rises from its shade and trots back to the mob. That was a straying bullock. The man never saw it, the thing did not advertise itself in any way, and that is just part of the virtue of a good night-horse—that and ten thousand and fifty-four other little tricks and accomplishments.

Dandy goes off watch and Dainty and her rider take their places. The mob is resting quietly, their mighty breathing sounding like a giant organ softly played in the distance. One beast rises to his feet, stretches himself, grunts a couple of times, turns round and lies down again. A discontented fellow moves restlessly through the mob, poking other bullocks to their feet as he passes, and making a nuisance of himself generally. The moon sails under a cloud and the wind dies down to a whisper. From on high comes the whistling whimper of the wings of a mob of wild ducks in flight from one water hole to another, and when just above the camping cattle a squabble breaks out among 'em. Goodness only knows what has happened. One duck may have jostled another, there may have been a collision in space, or anything might have taken place. There are ducks' voices raised in protest, the hissing of wind through taut feathers, and then those black meteors of flight come whizzing through the air and pass but a few feet above the camping cattle.

With the startling suddenness of a thunder clap, and with the instantaneous breaking of an explosion those bullocks are on their feet. For one shutter-click of time they pause, and then as with the roaring crash of some gargantuan earthquake

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only to be imagined in a dream those twelve hundred bullocks are rushing in headlong flight, mad with fear, frantic with frenzy, and borrowing terror one from the other as they sweep in an avalanche of awe from the horror which has spurred them into action.

And even as those bullocks sprang to their feet, with not one fraction of warning of what was coming, Dainty is with them! As they leave the camp in a solid phalanx of panic the mare is racing beside them. She picks her way unerringly over country beset with pitfalls, she reaches forward and pecks at the bit playfully, and with her wise head outstretched, her ears pricked, and seeming to revel in the danger and drink of the spice of risk she lies over and wears her way in on the wing.

"Crack!" a whip rings out, thunderous in its report and smothered to a mere pin-point of sound by the devilish medley of noise of the racing hooves. "Crash!" another answers it from behind. "Bang!" it rings again as the boss drover, mounted on Dandy, works his way along the wing.

For one fitful second the moon shows itself, and in that dim light the lead of the rushing bullocks breaks into a belt of gidyea scrub. Added to the fury of the pounding hooves comes the crashing of boughs, the stertorous gasps as bullocks are squeezed and crushed, and the loud bellows of agony as others are hurt. And through it all, lying over on the wing of the mob and working her way to the lead, picking her way surely, racing light as a gazelle, with one thought, and one thought only, in her game mind—to wheel that mob or bust—Dainty gains on the mob and takes her place on the leading wing! And behind her, coming as gamely, as surely, as truly and never flinching an issue, old Dandy ranges beside his mate!

Smashing whip answers and repeats as the cattle are swung and wheeled. Shout answers shout and yell echoes yell, and the mob is rung on a little plain the other side of the scrub. Little squirts of excited cattle break from the main mob and essay to get away. But ere those little breaks have gained an impetus either Dandy or Dainty have swung to meet them and nip them in the bud.

Gradually the cattle quiet, and after a time other men on other horses come out from the camp. But Dainty is there, her nostrils distended, her eyes protruding and shining, her heart thumping against her rider's legs, her flanks pumping in great gasps and drawing buckets of air to her choking lungs. But she's there, as sure-footed as ever, as keen as a needle, on her tiptoes of excitement and desire, and she throws down the challenge to her charges: "Get away if you can!"

That is a night-horse.

Country Store

In this emporium of soap and cheese,
Percale, molasses, snuff, and ipecac,
The grizzled sages, mouthing mysteries,
Expertly spit tobacco at a crack.
One on a sugar-barrel picks his nose
With unction as he solves religion's riddles;
Two greybeard veterans' shrill tremolos
Fight out the war again like squabbling fiddles.

The room, fuming with sweat and turf, grows warmer.
The village nitwit lolls gap-toothedly by;
The pot-faced sheriff snores; a fox-red farmer
Sips paregoric and lambastes a fly.
Wise is the host to this senate of slackers;
He hides a rat-trap in each bin of crackers!

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

COMMUNICATIONS

NEO-PAGANISM

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—I thank the Reverend Thomas Vopatek and Mr. Harvey Wickham for so kindly having attempted to tell me who the neo-pagan is and what he believes. If I am still unconvinced that he ought to menace my peace of mind, it must be my fault.

Still, my two informants do not quite agree. Father Vopatek quotes from Saint Paul concerning the "inexcusable" sins of the old "paganus" while Mr. Wickham grants that he was a reasonable and decent fellow. Later, Father Vopatek takes from Plato a quotation, which indicates that at least that old pagan was not so guilty of inexcusable sins as Saint Paul believed.

When I noted that Aristotle, Aeschylus and Confucius were alleged to be ignorant, I was merely being ironical at the expense of those responsible for the statement. Whatever their fund of knowledge may have been, we all grant their basic intelligence. When I wrote that the modern pagan was held to be a "jolly indecent fellow," the term was used colloquially. "Jolly," so used, is synonymous with "thoroughly"; and "indecent" has slang connotations other than those found in the dictionary. My apologies to The Commonweal for having defiled its pages with slang and to Mr. Wickham for having misled him.

Mr. Wickham's indictment of the neo-pagan leaves me breathless. Burke suggested the impossibility of indicting a whole nation, but Mr. Wickham attempts to indict two-thirds of the human race. I cannot think that he has such a bad opinion of us all. Nor do I think that, upon reflection, he will argue that the unfortunate two-thirds are trying to get at "sexual freedom." Probably quite a number of them would agree that "dutiful concupiscence" would hardly be "jolly." Chaste minds and chaste bodies are not exactly unknown among pagan peoples.

Now, surely, I took no responsibility for proclaiming A.E., Sir Bertrand Russell, or Messrs. Shaw and Mencken, neo-pagans. Yet, they are so condemned by Catholic critics. Mr. Shaw, obviously, is a neo-Puritan, moreover, a neo-Puritan who is also a gentleman, a most remarkable combination. Mr. Mencken has emerged from the Lutheranism of his fathers with a not to-be-despised and not anti-Catholic credo, wherein he states succinctly what he says is his whole belief: "that it is better to tell the truth than to lie; that it is better to be free than to be a slave; that it is better to have knowledge than to be ignorant."

Concerning Sir Bertrand Russell, I refer Mr. Wickham to the closing paragraphs of The Free Man's Worship and particularly to: "Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen their failing courage, to instil faith in hours of despair. . . ." Mr. Wickham is right. Sir Bertrand has not "succeeded in worming all traces of God's finger out of him."

Still, granting Sir Bertrand to be the nearest approach to the ideal neo-pagan, I decline to be frightened by him. Nor can I be frightened by his less articulate brothers, who comprise almost half of the population of the United States. If Mr. Wickham were living in this Connecticut community, he would meet continually all sorts of neo-pagans. Some deny God, some Christ, some the necessity of divine grace as an instrument of salvation; but, regardless, whether from affection

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for God or respect for the rights of their fellow-citizens, they manage to maintain moral standards at least the equal of those of their Christian associates. He would also meet members of the more emotional of the non-Catholic churches; and I venture to suggest that his type of mind would be much more at home among the former. I fancy that even in Rome, he does not seek companionship among the Methodists. I should like to point out to him that during the last presidential election, the opposition to the losing candidate came, not from the neo-pagan element, but almost solidly from the evangelical churches.

So that I do not think that the neo-pagan is an immediate danger. Moreover, inconsistent as Mr. Wickham deems him, I have considerable respect for his intellectual honesty. I would tolerate him. I would, for instance, bespeak for Mr. Walter Lippmann's "high religion" in his Preface to Morals, the same sympathetic tolerance that should be accorded the mystic Catholicism in Mr. Michael Williams's The High Romance, or the Judaism in Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's The Island Within. I believe that the Catholic who is most certain of the truth of his own religion should be the most tolerant of opposing beliefs.

Yet none of us is wholly tolerant. My own tolerance stops when people attempt to force their own beliefs upon me. Mr. Shaw's dietary habits are his own business, but if he were to try to make them my habits by legislative enactment, he would forthwith become a nuisance and unworthy of either respect or sympathy. He would then be descending to the level of certain of our American evangelical churches.

I am not in sympathy, then, with calls upon The Commonweal to join with Protestant sects against the assaults of the neo-pagan. The neo-pagan is more of a potential Catholic than the Protestant. He is a Catholic, without faith, while the Protestant is a faithless Catholic. I deem it far easier to put faith into the neo-pagan, than to put faithfulness back into the Protestant.

What ails America is not neo-paganism, but neo-Puritanism. The neo-pagan, in America at least, pretty much minds his own business; but the neo-Puritan minds everyone else's business. The Church has survived all the philosophical systems referred to by Mr. Wickham. I am not afraid of them; but I do have a chronic case of Puritanophobia. Such charity as I possess is helpless against it. To the end that I may grow up (the adult mind should be phobia-less) and cast this one remaining fear from me, I ask the prayers of the Reverend Thomas Vopatek and Mr. Harvey Wickham.

DONALD POWELL.

NEGRO EDUCATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The fine article on Negro Education, by the Reverend John T. Gillard, that appeared in your issue of February 12, presents facts all too little known to Catholics. It also renders a great service in calling attention to the serious financial handicaps suffered by Catholic enterprise in this field.

May I point out, however, what seems to be a slight inadvertence on the writer's part? At the conclusion of his article he pays well-deserved tribute to the supreme example given by Mother Katherine Drexel and Mrs. Morrel, with which no individual effort has yet appeared to compare. Is it nevertheless quite accurate to say absolutely: "Their charities . . . are the only worthwhile constructive efforts put forth by individual Catholics for the education of the Negroes"? Surely the group of men who are interested in the work of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, at Ridge, Maryland, are putting forth constructive efforts in behalf of the Negroes. Indeed, the aim of these men is, precisely, to overcome some of that indifference of which Father Gillard so justly complains.

After years of scattered and experimental effort, a responsible and working organization has been developed on behalf of the Institute. Its educational courses and training for practical leadership afford a solution to many of the colored Catholic's most perplexing problems.

With five members of its staff Xavier graduates, the Cardinal Gibbons Institute can join Father Gillard's testimony to the high type of education afforded at Xavier College, New Orleans.

Incidentally, the General Education Board and the Rosenwald Fund, have broken the ice by their financial assistance to the Institute and give hope for similar assistance and encouragement to the other deserving projects.

JOHN G. AGAR,
President,
The Cardinal Gibbons Institute.

New Orleans, La.

TO the Editor:—By a strange coincidence, I had just finished reading a newspaper account concerning the merger of two old and flourishing local universities for Negroes, namely, New Orleans University (Methodist) and Straight University (Congregational) and that the merger was to be accompanied by gifts running into the hundreds of thousands, when The Commonweal came to hand and I found therein an article on Negro Education with this comment by the author: "So far, all Catholic attempts to help the Negro educationally seem pitiably weak considering the magnitude of the problem and the efforts put forth by others."

The contrast of these two facts struck me more forceably, perhaps, than they would most others, as I happen to be connected with the only effort being made, at present, to give our Catholic Negroes a Catholic education in a Catholic College for Negroes, namely, Xavier College, New Orleans, Louisiana. Would that I could also report the happy news that it, our only effort, was about to be the recipient of some hundreds of thousands, or even of some thousands.

The need of Catholic higher education for Catholic Negroes is beyond question. Unless we supply it, they will get higher education at non-Catholic, and, at times, even at anti-Catholic institutions to the partial or total destruction of all that the Church has previously worked so hard to build up in their souls.

We, on the Negro missions, are in daily contact with that problem. And it is a heart-breaking one. Pastor and sisters labor for years, in the parochial schools, to form Catholic hearts and minds in the little ones entrusted to them. Arrived at high school and college age, these youths want and, at very great sacrifice by parents and relatives, are determined to get higher education. If there is no Catholic institution available, they must of necessity take what is at hand. Taking it, they return to us either perverted or very, very lukewarm Catholics. Instead of being influential and helpful, and, in a Catholic way, rounding out the work we missionaries are attempting to do, they are either ashamed of the name Catholic, or, at least, not interested in a practical way. It takes courage to continue building when you feel certain that the upper stories are going to cause the whole structure to come tumbling about your ears.

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Xavier College, New Orleans, Louisiana, was started by Mother Katherine Drexel and her community, the Blessed Sacrament Sisters, to remedy this situation—at least locally. The truly heroic work of the sisters and the splendid results they are obtaining, have well merited from the United States Bureau of Education the statement that "Xavier College is rendering a needy service worthy of continued support."

Rev. E. G. Brunner, S.S.J.,
President, Xavier College.

HOLDING THE CONVERT

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:—When I was young and enthusiastic I always rejoiced over conversions to the true faith. I considered them final. It never occurred to me that, once having entered the Church, a convert would be in the least danger of falling away. I knew, of course, cases of fallen-away Catholics, people who had enjoyed Catholicism as an inheritance and had given it away either for a mess of pottage or for what James Clarence Mangan calls "the devil's dismal stock of returns." But that a convert should fall away from the Church was to me unthinkable.

But, alas, I have known several such cases. We all can recall some, I imagine. One of the most painful experiences of my life has been the knowledge for some years that a certain convert family, well educated, well instructed in the faith, well-bred, gentle people, were drifting gradually but surely away from the Church. The break has come at last. One of the children wrote me, the other day, that she had been confirmed in another church. The father and mother had long ceased to attend the Catholic Church.

Making some inquiries when I first observed the tendency toward defection, I discovered that it was the insistence of a parish priest on certain devotions and on the "offerings" which these devotions were supposed to bring into the parish treasury, that first started this family on its way back to the communion whence it came. It was a reaction against the cry for money and against the means by which this money was sought.

This family was more than twenty-five years in the Catholic Church. Its members were frequent in the reception of the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. Staying away from Mass was out of the question with them. They read Catholic books, magazines and papers. They gave to Catholic missionary funds. They interested themselves in the work of various parishes in which they lived.

I wonder what is the answer? Shall we dismiss the question by saying that the defection was due to the world, the flesh and the devil? Or shall we examine ourselves to see if we can discover any flaw in our own way of dealing with converts? Here is a whole family lost to the Church, with its children and children's children. May I ask the prayers of the readers of this letter for this family? And may I ask also that we give some thought to means to stop such leakage?

Denis A. McCarthy.

EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editor:—Father Ross's article Evolution of a Moderate Drinker in The Commonweal of November 27, was a distinct accomplishment for Catholic journalism, in which good service The Commonweal and Father Ross may share. Expressed conviction is a good force and makes such an interesting item of reading that Catholic individuals (by no means excluding editors) should be encouraged to foster the intellectual blessing that comes from a mutual and orderly exchange of ideas on unproscribed subjects of common interest.

The subject of liquor is one of those public questions that come up regularly and unavoidably for common debate and settlement. Nowadays when a portion of the public press is full of paid propaganda, much of which is mere harangue with no effort to be sincere or to disclose a single constructive thought, it behooves the Catholic press to promote a discussion that will have a sane appeal, and it is far more important that a political discussion be general than that any particular solution should monopolize the space. Were an exclusive situation such as this to develop in the affairs of any magazine it would be difficult to convince anyone that its character was other than political. The Commonweal deserves credit in blazing the path of orderly discussion.

Unfortunately, men need no encouragement to drink and when we deal with a habit-forming drug such as alcohol, it is very doubtful whether any easy and liberal law could ever be effective. The disagreeable pill of enforcement must be accepted to accomplish a real diminution of the harm in liquor. We are witnesses to a public press, seditious in part. One can read, in a city like Pittsburgh with a syndicate press, a statement in unmistakably plain English that, if you do not like a law disobey it as the best way to repeal it. Would a commandment of God fare as well in such an atmosphere? Luckily, while prohibition receives its crucial test we can cast a watchful eye on Canada where mounting revenue from an increasing consumption of legal and seized liquor, expanding out of all proportion to the growth of population, spells dire results for the years to come.

Charles J. Byrnes.

Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor:—In The Commonweal of January 1, there appeared in the Communications column a letter from John P. Moore of Philadelphia criticizing the Evolution of a Moderate Drinker.

Mr. Moore is evidently one of our coreligionists who resents our ever saying anything about our own faults and for which the only cure is in close reading of the Gospel for the Tenth Sunday after Pentecost, which is still the very best formula for a successful program to secure favorable public opinion.

Most of us feel that the Irish instead of our Hebrew friends would now be owning and also running this country if it were not for their weakness for liquor. After reading the above Gospel Mr. Moore might read Jim Tully's book.

P. H. Callahan, *Secretary,*
Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition.

FACTS AND LATIN AMERICA

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:—While welcoming Mr. Carter's article, Facts and Latin America, I feel it omits one cause of friction between those countries and us which, though it may not be the most powerful, ought to be known. One of the reasons for the dislike of the United States among the people of Brazil and Argentina is the anti-Catholic propaganda in those countries financed by Protestants in North America. I have treated this matter elsewhere so I shall confine myself here to suggesting that as long as the "Yanqui Protestante" keeps up his pernicious activities in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires cordial relations will be impossible.

Edwin Ryan.

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POEMS

Unholy Light

Light is holy as the bees
Save on moonlit winter trees
  When the world is sheathed in ice.
  Not the eye of cocatrice
Could work so deadly on the blood
As this lethal moonlit flood
  Which pours out diamonds with black cores,
  Evil as houses with locked doors
And lights at every window pane.
Such nights will work upon the brain
  And make a man afraid of night
  And other dark things that are right.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

Lines to a Dead Franciscan

God knows I did not wish it!
  The tide swept
Me by the door to where you lay at rest
  With hard-worn hands at breast.
It seemed unmeet to look down on your face
  Luminous, for any space,
  There in a half-lit gloom,
To touch your feet was all I could presume.

They knew the sermon wanting,
  These poor feet,
Cold, tired feet that make the tears to run.
  How may the merciful errands they set on
Be told; so calloused in the shabby ties
  And eager to disguise
  Succor with singing words,
Following that Little Brother of the Birds.

MARGARET MCGOVERN.

Escape

Waste not on trivial things
  Thy passionate heart. Small cares
May heavy weigh, slight stings
Smart sorely. Spread thy wings;
  Elude thy dull despairs
  In the bright regions of the upper airs.

There brooding love distills
  Healing from bitterest bane;
Beckon the lights on hills
Aquiver with daffodils;
  There, as the grass drinks rain,
  Thou too mayst drink of long-lost joy again.

There shall thy heart be free
  To spend, sans loss, its power—
One with the shouting sea,
The deep-dug swaying tree—
  Exultant, hour by hour,
  In the glad life that beauty brings to flower.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Eire

The memory that broods among these hills
Walks in a dream where all but dream is past,
And the long silence that is on her stills
Her going that is always and at last
A desolate going, and a proud, and lonely
For starry shapes of heroes at a stream,
And women who were beautiful as only
Queens are beautiful in a ruined dream.

She will put on the spring green like a gown,
And put it off again when spring is past,
And each slow dusk will bring her a grave crown
Of stars to wear—but always and at last
She wears a crown of sadder stars than these,
And older springs are flowering at her knees.

DAVID MORTON.

For One Enshrined

Lady, you will not live so exquisitely
In all the world as in this secret place
Where you have never entered; you will live
Sweetly perhaps, in your own time and space;

You will be glad indeed of all the world,
But where you are there will be others who
Though they enchant you, though they make you wise,
Will take away from you a little of you.

You will be lost in living, you will find
Yourself grown often misty and unreal;
But here you are all that perfection is,
And life is like a shadow at your heel.

Even in your heart you will not live
So exquisitely, your own breath is not dear
In you as in this place you have not known.
O live, and never try to enter here!

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Fallow

Now I am through with thinking and can lie
Fallow, watching wind-water in the willow,
Swishing in tonic blue upon fair yellow,
While red-winged oak leaves mount the air and fly.
Now life is at its richest, which is why
I have tremendous need for lying fallow,
Like a dark glen with sun-gold in its hollow,
And nothing moving but the migrant's cry.

If I can stay as still as this the spring,
Laying her landscape out at secret dawn,
Will mark me gently for anemone;
My banks will waken when the winter's gone,
Where happily some virginal willow tree
Lifts up the bird that is the first to sing.

MARION CANBY.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Infinite Shoeblack

THIS play by Norman MacOwan is one of the best recent examples I have seen of the danger of writing a play around a preconceived idea, and of letting the action spring from this idea rather than directly from the individual characters. The author has taken as his central idea a passage from Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, and has proceeded to find mannikins to fit the idea and carry out its implied doom. The passage, quoted in full on the program is as follows: "Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness. It is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite. Will the whole finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake in joint-stock company, to make one shoeblack happy? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the shoeblack also has a soul quite other than his stomach."

It goes without saying that the idea is muddled to begin with. The fact that man is made in the image and likeness of God can and should be turned even more toward inspiration and the inner flame of the supernatural life than toward the unhappy conflict which Carlyle implies. What he is trying to describe in reverse English is nothing more than the idea of a free will battling within a nature that has an inclination to evil as well as to good. This does bring tragedy to those who bury themselves completely in the cares of the world. But to say that the spark of the Infinite is a cause of unhappiness is like saying that the cause of Lucifer's tragedy was the brightness of his first glory. Man is unhappy when he forsakes his better self, but that is vastly different from saying that his better self is the cause of his misery. The present play suffers, then, from an inverted glimpse of man's nature.

It suffers still more from trying to make fictitious characters illustrate the idea. Every good play must start, of course, with a simple theme—with a situation so plain that it can be stated in one sentence. But to ring true, that sentence must be in question form, the answer to the question to come from the exact nature of the individual characters involved. For this reason, a good theme can usually be worked out in at least two entirely different ways. We might illustrate this by the theme of Hamlet. This sound method of asking a question in a certain situation and answering it through individual characters is vastly different from the mistaken idea of a play theme employed by Mr. MacOwan. The latter's method is to state the theme as an assertion, and to use imaginary characters to prove its truth. This method is fatal to all authentic feeling in a play, because the characters, artificially manipulated, never give the impression of reality.

The theatre is no place to prove an idea through a forced plot. At its best, the art of the play is to show how individual characters will react to a given situation—whether tragic or comic—remembering always that the more easily the characters are recognized and understood, the more widespread is the interest or the amusement the play will arouse.

As to The Infinite Shoeblack—it is a strange combination of resolute and high ideas in rather tawdry settings. Andrew Berwick (Leslie Banks) is a Scotch student of mathematics with a penchant for Carlyle. He sets out to rescue a young woman of some cultural attainment who is confessedly a courtesan by nature and practice. This Mary (Helen Menken) is slow to yield to Berwick's impassioned preachments, delivered first in a sordid rooming house and later in the glamorous setting of Cairo during the war. Finally, to bring him happiness, she consents to marry him and become a working-man's wife. But her nervous system never recovers from the birth of her child. She dies in Berwick's arms, trying to keep alive his illusion that he has rescued her from her instinctive self. Many unlikely plot contrivances have to be used to bring the story to its sad end, and as few of them are inevitable or in any sense direct consequences of Mary's nature, they succeed in no respect, and certainly not in sustaining the intended tragic mood. This is all the more unfortunate since both Leslie Banks and Helen Menken give admirable performances and make the utmost of the few opportunities given them for consistent portrayal. (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

The Lewisohn Quest

MISS Irene Lewisohn, as the moving spirit of the old Neighborhood Playhouse group, is still in search of a new art which will fuse the dance-drama and music. Her presentations of the Cleveland Orchestra and a company of dancers in interpretations of significant musical numbers have become annual events in New York, animated, unquestionably, by the most soaring ideals and resulting in a great deal that is beautiful and engrossing in visual effect. But the two arts never fuse successfully into a new art. The performances retain a double character in which, according to one's personal inclination, either the music or the dance predominates.

It is probably a fact that the majority of people are more susceptible to visual than oral impressions. The few who can form mental images from sound impressions are of the highly imaginative type who inwardly resent any impressions in conflict with their own. They would prefer to listen to suggestive music with their eyes half closed and to create their own dramatic accompaniment. The rest, lending themselves readily to impressions of the eye, watch the movement of the dance-drama intently and let the music become subordinated to the position of a fitting accompaniment. This creates, it is true, a degree of fusion, but not a balanced one, such as I am sure Miss Lewisohn is seeking. It is rather an absorption of the music by the dance than a union of the two arts in a new art of enlarged dimensions.

Because of this overpowering and definite impression of the visual image on most minds, it would seem to be a more logical experiment to create first the idea of the dance-drama and then to have suitable music composed for it. It would be a more difficult experiment, perhaps, since it is easier to compose a dance form than an exquisite tone poem. But at least it would do no violence to preconceived mental images.

This year's program of the Neighborhood Group has interesting variety of form. The three musical numbers upon which it is based are Loeffler's A Pagan Poem, Rabaud's La Procession Nocturne and Werner Janssen's symphonic poem, New Year's Eve in New York. The first derives its thought from the second love incantation of Virgil's Eighth Eclogue and indicates the progress of the soul through three planes of existence—the physical, the mental and the spiritual. The second,

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using an aspect of the Faust legend, contrasts the tragic doubts of the earth-bound solitary with the consolation and peace found by those following more simply the guidance of the supernatural life. The third number is a modernistic representation of the spirit of New York. Of these, the second number is by far the most successful in the coördination it achieves between visual representation and musical mood. The first number is a little too angular and stylized to achieve the same feeling as the music, although the dance pantomime of both Martha Graham and Charles Weidman is intensely alive and beautifully graded. The third number is the least successful in all respects. The music is decidedly reminiscent of Charpentier's feeling for Paris as expressed in Louise, and the dance representation, except for occasional moments in Martha Graham's work, is broken, irresolute and mediocre.

Sadko

MR. GATTI-CASAZZA'S experience with operatic novelties has not been an altogether happy one, at least in recent seasons. Indeed his only novelties to remain permanently in the repertory have been L'Amore dei Tre Re and Der Rosenkavalier. Whether the fate of Sadko, produced on January 25 at the Metropolitan Opera House, will be any happier than has been the rule is yet to be determined, but it is certain that it is a work which is worthy of serious consideration. Rimsky-Korsakoff is not a composer of the first rank, but he is certainly more than a mere technician; it goes without saying that he is a master of orchestral color, while the freshness of his melody and the appeal of his rhythms has always been evident. In these qualities Sadko is not deficient. All who love folk-music and folk-stories will surely want to hear and see this opera—I say "see" because Mr. Soudeikine's costumes and scenery are glorious. The opera is based on an old Russian legend and possesses the barbaric color of the semi-oriental. Moreover in the character of Sadko the music has a heroic, almost bardic quality rare in modern Russian opera. The story has in it elements both of pagan and Christian origin and this mixture of spirit has appealed with peculiar potency to the composer. The Russian is never quite himself when he is clothed in logic; he wears it with distinct discomfort, almost as if he felt it were a strait-jacket. He loves color rather than line. This does not mean that Sadko is lacking in form, but only that the subject itself is one which calls for variety rather than unity. It is in the choruses, in the ballets and in the shifting color and rhythms of the orchestra, rather than in distinct musical characterization that Rimsky-Korsakoff excels. In short Sadko is Russian not only in its employment of national folk-tunes, but in the spirit which animates it as a whole.

The Metropolitan does a moderately effective job of it, and as far as the singing of the chorus, the playing of the orchestra, and the settings go, a superlative one. Mr. Serafin's direction of the orchestra is masterly, and Mr. Setti's chorus has done nothing better in the twenty-two years he has headed it. Of the singers Miss Fleischer's Volkova, Miss Bourskaya's Lioubava, and the small part of the Norseman sung by Mr. Gustafson were the most nearly in the picture, both musically and dramatically. Mr. Johnson is an admirable artist, but his is not the heroic school. He is a Romeo or a Pelleas rather than a Sadko. The ballets were elaborate enough but in them there was too much mechanics and altogether too little inspiration. Those who saw the Russian Ballet dance them in Paris in 1910 must have realized what could have been made of them.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

BOOKS

The Liberal Spirit in Education

Pedagogically Speaking, by Felix E. Schelling. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.00.

The Aims of Education and Other Essays, by A. N. Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN A TIME when the spirit, if not the tradition, of a liberal education seems vanishing, or at least is not in accord with the dominant Zeitgeist, it is fortunate to have the subject discussed by two such fine liberal spirits as Professor Felix E. Schelling and Doctor A. N. Whitehead.

What is a liberal education? What is the matter with contemporary education? What of the classics? What of the new humanities? What of science? What of modern language? What is the aim of education? What are educational values in this field or that? These are the questions.

Against the background of the claim of "new-minted epithets" like "sociology," "criminology," "degeneracy" and "psychiatry," the very word "humanities" looks dim and faded. Professor Schelling traces the humanities from the time "of the conception of manhood which transmuted every full-grown male into a miniature steel fortress, bustling with weapons and offense, cherishing his honor, his lady and his life supereminently as things to fight for," when the humanities were unclerical, through sweeping revisions, restatements and transformations to our contemporary view in which two groups of opponents to the classical studies, if not the humanities, are to be found: "first the exponent of the superior advantage which they claim for purely scientific education and, secondly the utilitarians." The first group may be treated briefly. No true lover of the humanities would deny "the value, even the imperative need, that science constitute an integral part of the education of the day." "There is no weakness in a strenuous advocacy of a study of the classics; there is much unwisdom in claiming for the classics alone that liberalizing influence which they possess in so high a degree, but which they share with many other studies. There is positive falsity in the position which some have taken, the attitude of opposition to the study of science; and there is absolute injustice in the denial of the liberalizing capabilities of a study of the sciences liberally conducted."

The consideration of the other group leads to some of the most vigorous language of condemnation in the book—language with which I heartily agree. The utilitarian opponents of the humanities and of classical literature are characterized as "those whom the life-sapping blighting of hand-to-mouth utilitarianism has stricken deaf and blind, but unhappily not dumb." By "practical utility, the most insidious enemy of modern education," Professor Schelling means not that "broad and philosophical outlook which recognizes the ultimate value and potency of all things human by the completeness and success with which each performs its function in life"; not that, "but that cheap reckoning up of commercial values, that near-sighted and niggardly view of man and life in the light of petty immediate gains, that reduction of things, both human and divine, to monetary standards, which paralyzes liberal and disinterested endeavor and fills our learned professions—save the mark!—with expert but narrow and unlettered men." He would take the whole problem out of the cheap categories of pennies and of bread, and raise it to the category of ideas, perhaps dreams, and certainly romance.

With the condemnation of the spirit of materialism, of calculation, of mere information, of knowledge in disconnection,

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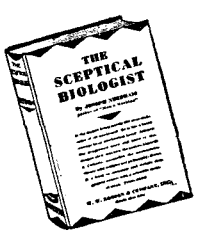
THE SCEPTICAL BIOLOGIST



By JOSEPH NEEDHAM

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one cannot but be in accord. But Professor Schelling goes on very much in the spirit of Veblen's Higher Learning in America: "In a word," he says "the measure of the educational value of the humanities lies in their practical inutility. A sword is best whetted on that which it is destined never to cut." Seemingly agreeing, Professor Whitehead says: "It is a libel upon human nature to conceive that zest for life is the product of pedestrian purposes directed toward the narrow routine of material comforts." In the same essay he adds, "The learned and imaginative life is a way of living and is not an article of commerce."

"But," continues Professor Whitehead, "Education is the acquisition of the art of the utilization of knowledge." The content does matter. Professor Schelling's echoing phrase, "The sword is best whetted on that which it is destined never to cut," is challenged. The discussion for the last fifteen years of the so-called "dogma of formal discipline" is neglected and the "via media" of ideals and values is rejected or neglected.

There is a real danger and an actual condition too generally prevalent that Professor Schelling's point of view is likely to result in what Professor Whitehead calls "merely executing intellectual minuets."

"With good discipline, it is always possible to pump into the minds of a class a certain quantity of inert knowledge. You take a text-book and make them learn it. So far, so good. The child then knows how to solve a quadratic equation. But what is the point of teaching a child to solve a quadratic equation? There is a traditional answer to this question. It runs thus: the mind is an instrument, you first sharpen it, and then use it; the acquisition of the power of solving a quadratic equation is part of the process of sharpening the mind. Now there is just enough truth in this answer to have made it live through the ages. But for all its half-truth, it embodies a radical error which bids fair to stifle the genius of the modern world. I do not know who was first responsible for this analogy of the mind to a dead instrument. For aught I know, it may have been one of the seven wise men of Greece, or a committee of the whole lot of them. Whoever was the originator, there can be no doubt of the authority which it has acquired by the continuous approval bestowed upon it by eminent persons. But whatever its weight of authority, whatever the high approval which it can quote, I have no hesitation in denouncing it as one of the most fatal, erroneous, and dangerous conceptions ever introduced in the theory of education. The mind is never passive; it is a perpetual activity, delicate, receptive, responsive to stimulus. You cannot postpone its life until you have sharpened it. Whatever interest attaches to your subject-matter must be evoked here and now; whatever powers you are strengthening in the pupil, must be exercised here and now; whatever possibilities of mental life your teaching should impart, must be exhibited here and now. That is the golden rule of education, and a very difficult rule to follow."

Professor Whitehead's discussion of the use of the imagination in education and his vigorous and persistent condemnation of inert knowledge furnishes a way out of the problem that Professor Schelling might approve. Against piled up information, against encyclopaedic information, against mere information, both our authors vigorously protest. From the well-informed men both would flee as from the plague. "In my own work at universities," says Professor Whitehead, "I have been much struck by the paralyzing thought induced in pupils by the aimless accumulation of precise knowledge, inert and unutilized."

Professor Whitehead's whole book is a "protest against dead knowledge" and one may add, dead students and dead teachers.

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Since the popularization of printing in the fifteenth century there has not been, according to Professor Whitehead, any justification for a university as a place merely to impart information. "The justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest of life, by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning. The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. At least, this is the function which it should perform for society. A university which fails in this respect has no reason for existence. . . . Imagination is not to be divorced from the facts: it is a way of illuminating the facts. . . . The tragedy of the world is that those who are imaginative have but slight experience, and those who are experienced have feeble imaginations. Fools act on imagination without knowledge; pedants act on knowledge without imagination. The task of a university is to weld together imagination and experience."

What is this liberal spirit in education which has been at the basis of this discussion? What is, in short, the character of the education which we call liberal? It is to Professor Whitehead, an essentially imaginative use of knowledge, of "live knowledge." Its bane is "inert ideas," "barren knowledge," "mental dryrot," the "fatal disconnection of subjects," "the crammer." "Cursed be the dullard who destroys wonder."

This liberal education is in the world of ideas: "What education has to impart is an intimate sense for the power of ideas, for the beauty of ideas, and for the structure of ideas, together with a particular body of knowledge which has peculiar reference to the life of the being possessing it." So too with Professor Schelling. It is an education in ideas, not for bread, more particularly "that openness of spirit, that quality of disinterestedness, that elevation of thought and that unquenchable faith in high ideals which is the most precious outcome of your sojourn with the humanities."

A second point on which both writers agree is the place of information in a liberal education. Professor Schelling says he would run away from the well-informed man. And so would Professor Whitehead. And Professor Schelling enters vigorously into the characterization of this view which he calls "quantitative education."

This leads to a discussion in which our authors apparently disagree. To Professor Schelling—"My point is that vocational education, so called, is often scarcely educational at all; that useful and necessary as it is, vocational training does not develop the mind in the manner and to the degree which we have a right to demand of the major part of education; and, most important of all, that when you pursue any study with an ulterior utilitarian end in view, that study is impaired educationally precisely to that extent." A truer view is Professor Whitehead's: "The antithesis between a technical and a liberal education is fallacious. There can be no adequate technical education which is not liberal, and no liberal education which is not technical: that is, no education which does not impart both technique and intellectual vision. In simpler language, education should turn out the pupil with something he knows well and something he can do well. This intimate union of practice and theory aids both. The intellect does not work best in a vacuum. The stimulation of creative impulse requires, especially in the case of a child, the quick transition to practice. Geometry and mechanics, followed by workshop practice, gain that reality without which mathematics is verbiage."

Both authors have a feeling for an "immortal contemporaneousness" as Professor Schelling calls it. Professor Whitehead views askance the "pedantry of dates." Schelling says: "Chron-

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Sacred Literature

The series of lectures on Sacred Art at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music will be continued this month by Rev. Cornelius Clifford, S.J., speaking on Sacred Literature.

Author, educator and lecturer, Father Clifford has devoted a lifetime to the study and teaching of the classics. At Innsbruck, Louvain and St. Bruno's while training for the priesthood, he was also laying the foundation for his future literary work. His books, which include Introibo, The Burden of the Time, Studies in the Development of Catholicism, evidence his profound knowledge of the subject which he has chosen in the series. Nor has his recognition been confined to the Catholic Church for he has been for many years a member of the post-graduate faculty of Columbia University.

Father Clifford's two lectures will be given on March 14 and March 28. Since the capacity of the hall where the lectures will be held is small, reservations should be made early as tickets for the individual lectures are assigned in order of application.

Future lectures will be given by Bancel La Farge on Sacred Painting.

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ology and statistics are two of the most trifling games that men have ever invented to toss about and juggle the truth withal; and an unrelated fact is the lonesomest entity in the universe, like some atom that has strayed beyond the forces of gravitation, tossing in a chaos where there is neither up nor down, right nor left, nor point of compass." But Professor Schelling's emphasis is on the past: Professor Whitehead's is on the present. Says Professor Whitehead "The understanding which we want is an understanding of an insistent present. The only use of a knowledge of the past is to equip us for the present. No more deadly harm can be done to young minds than by depreciation of the present. The present contains all that there is. It is holy ground; for it is the past, and it is the future." Professor Schelling probably has his eyes on those "little men of little soul" with little knowledge, little insight and no ideas, who have the sublime superiority of ignorance. To them the rebuke is well deserved. Professor Whitehead, contemplating the present which contains the timeless past, and opening into a partially determined future, is looking at the whole problem more dispassionately—or better, is looking at an entirely different problem. In this case the views are supplementary by virtue of their different emphasis.

Underlying the educational conceptions of both authors is a fine conception of the teacher finely put. Professor Whitehead says—"It should be the chief aim of a university professor to exhibit himself in his own true character—that is, as an ignorant man thinking, actively utilizing his small share of knowledge. . . . Unless the pupils are continually sustained by the evocation of interest, the acquirement of technique, and the excitement of success, they can never make progress, and will certainly lose heart. Speaking generally, during the last thirty years the schools of England have been sending up to the universities a disheartened crowd of young folk, inoculated against any outbreak of intellectual zeal." Education is self-discipline—self-mastery—self-control—it must be self-education. And American education of every type would profit immensely by Professor Schelling's words to the teacher with which I close this review:

"If, then, it shall be the high calling of any one of you to teach, to give to others knowledge out of the fulness of your own, do not carry on your further education in your classroom, trying experimental ideas on those who have as yet no critical basis by which to test the efficacy of your thought. Do not seek repute by astonishing, untested theories which may attract attention peradventure as much to your precipitancy as to your ignorance. There are limitations to paradox and the Socratic method is best left to Socrates. A day of repute or even a nine days' wonder is little to that solid reputation for scholarship which comes only in years as the ripe fruit of honest, modest toil on the basis of character and actual achievement. The teacher's together with the divine's is the most serious of all human trusts. An idle word or a careless jibe may start a trail away from the truth and foster that intolerant attitude of mind which is as hostile to true scholarship as it is to any true religion. It is not among the privileges of the teacher to be banal or vulgar. It is a precarious pedagogic experiment to attempt to teach correct doctrine by a glaring exploitation of its opposite deviation. The laying of unhallowed hands on things which are holy makes little toward godliness; and ignorant zeal in the layman little compensates for the absence of that spirit of restraint, respect and veneration with which the consecrated teacher approaches the temples of knowledge no less than the altars, even of other men's worship."

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

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The State of Catholic Letters

The Catholic Church and Current Literature, by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

IT IS not difficult to understand why Mr. Shuster's little volume was chosen by the Catholic Book Club as one of its two January books, for in it with extraordinary compactness and yet with admirable clarity is stated the problems which face the modern Catholic writer. And what is most praiseworthy is that while Mr. Shuster is in the last analysis an optimist he is also a realist who dares to set forth the present state of Catholic letters with no sop to sentimentality. That Catholic literature in the United States is far from what it should be is a statement the truth of which is self-evident, and Mr. Shuster makes no attempt to deny it. Set beside the Catholic revival in England and France, America cuts a pretty poor figure, but the fact that there are such revivals shows that the fault lies not in the impossibility of a Catholic literary movement in the modern world, but with our own Catholic writers. That the American Catholic labors under exceedingly difficult conditions is also unfortunately true, and the great value of Mr. Shuster's book lies in the way he sets forth these conditions, and gives, let us not say the rules, but rather the spirit which must animate the Catholic who desires to write.

In the chapter entitled The Splendor of Truth Mr. Shuster expresses in these words the basic fact which the Catholic writer who would appeal to the general public must face: "In our time an individual author may have all the faith of a mediaeval doctor, but he must always reckon with the circumstance that a part of his audience is utterly incredulous." And to surmount this barrier the Catholic writer needs heroism it is true, but also common sense. Certain things, which the non-Catholic or rather the agnostic writer has made enormous capital of, the Catholic writer, of course, cannot descend to. He cannot hold, for instance that good and evil are merely constantly changing terms for what is expedient, and he cannot make compromises with his audience in matters of faith or morals. These are differences, as Mr. Shuster shows, which separate the modern Catholic from the world around him, and are real barriers, frequently difficult to cross.

In short, upheld by the liturgical life the Catholic writer must go gladly into battle, and must face society with the full realization that with rare exceptions he is a full-fledged member of that society. That the Catholic writer, says Mr. Shuster, "should turn his eyes from the world's sores and see nothing in the universe but middle-class primness—in order to avoid shocking some imaginary schoolgirl—is an assumption too ridiculous to merit attention. Precisely because he is a maker of images, governed in the final analysis by the eternal laws of sincerity and honesty, he must mold the clay of life as it is; and by so doing he will, from afar and in quite a different manner, be copying the custom of Holy Church, forever trailing the lost sheep." These are words which should be taken to heart by every Catholic whether he be writer or reader.

Admirable too are Mr. Shuster's exposition of the Catholic position regarding censorship, and his brief survey of the Catholic renaissance in England, France, Germany and Norway. When such names as Chesterton and Belloc in England, Bourget and Claudel in France, Karl Muth in Germany and Sigrid Undset in Norway are among the leaders in modern literature, there is no reason for pessimism as to the state of Catholicism in Europe, while there is much in America of splendid omen for the future of Catholic literature here.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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NEXT WEEK

Mexico is not, as is popularly supposed, a Latin country. Eighty percent of its population is Indian although those in control of the government are mainly descended from the Spaniards. Julius A. Weber in MEXICO IN FACT focuses attention on this point and incidentally paints a vivid picture of conditions as they are today in the capital city of our neighbor. . . . Since the fall of Primo de Rivera, Spain has been politically interesting. E. Allison Peers, English educator and author, has sent us a paper, SPAIN AND HER FUTURE, dealing with the situation, both political and sociological, which faces the country since the dictator has been replaced. . . . Few people escape the financial burdens of sickness. In consequence the article by George E. Anderson, DOCTORING BY MASS PRODUCTION, which suggests some remedy for the high price of being ill, possesses a universal appeal. . . . When writing about Ireland, her history and her shrines, Padraic Colum has no equal. MAYNOOTH is a delightful essay on that college which he calls "the training ground for Ireland's priesthood." . . . Since the publication of Willa Cather's Death Comes to the Archbishop, interest in our Southwest has rapidly come to a white heat. Douglas Powers contributes THE LITTLE SPIRES which will be a continual delight to all who feel themselves drawn to a country which radiates from Santa Fé, city of Holy Faith. . . . Michael Williams in his column, Places and Persons, will discuss the subject of American coöperation with Mexico. WASHINGTON CROSSES THE RIO GRANDE refers to the American government and the American people who are warned against forcing their political ideas on a nation which should be left, so long as it does not transgress against governmental ethics, to work out its own destiny.

Ojibway Romance

Joe Pete, by Florence E. McClinchey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE failure of this book is more than usually exasperating. The author has set out to interpret to us the Ojibway Indians of northern Michigan under the influence of modern conditions. It is a powerful opportunity. These simple children of the northwoods, by nature skilled as hunters, fishermen, basket-weavers, timbermen, are decaying physically and morally as white civilization encroaches more and more upon them. They have lost the faiths and virtues of primitives, and have acquired little of civilization except a smattering of English, some petty commercial cunning, and a taste for the worst of the white man's pleasures. The contrasts between what they were and what they are now offer epic material; in this book the material is marred by sentimentalizing (the happy-ever-after disposal of characters in the last chapter is the worst sort of claptrap) and by a tedious, repetitious manner.

Imagination is lacking in the syle and in the author's insight into Indian life. The fundamental Indian spirit is missing; superficialities are interpreted to us instead of essentials. Most of the characters are vague types, and the plot often strains credulity. Nevertheless, the picture of the rotting away of Mable Shingoos, a normal Indian type possessed of good instincts, is accurately if laboriously done; and the central figure of her noble little son, Joe Pete, is appealing despite his Horatio Alger characteristics. If to the author's obvious sincerity were added the talents of an Oliver La Farge, we might have known the Ojibways as well after reading this novel as we did the Navajos after reading Laughing Boy.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

The Man with the Gloves

Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

THE reading of Mr. W. R. Burnett's Iron Man is bound to be an absorbing experience, not only because of the story itself but because of the conviction, steadily borne in upon the reader, that the nature of a book matters not a whit providing one is made certain on every page of the fidelity and reality, in other words of the absolute truth of the narrative. Prize-fighters may not to many of us seem the highest type of human beings nor the ring just the setting we might choose for the enacting of a cross-section of human life; vulgarity, profanity and occasional obscenity may not be exactly cheering to our aesthetic tastes; and yet the dignity of an intense realism in characters and setting alike is bound, in these pages at least, to command our admiration. A higher dignity, too, here invests both characters and action. For Coke Mason, the champion, George Regan, his friend and manager, Jeff Davis and Jim Pappas are big people in spite of their crudeness and illiteracy; and their inarticulate, fundamental loyalties have not a little in common with—dare we say it?—the nobility of Greek tragedy. Iron Man is itself a tragedy; a tragedy of unrequited love, a tragedy of conflicting ideals, of groping, undeveloped perceptions, of outraged simplicity; and the coarseness of many of its scenes is bathed in and regenerated by an exquisite tenderness which is unforgettable.

The swift action of Mr. Burnett's story is motivated almost entirely by dialogue, and by dialogue which, to one reviewer at least, competes successfully with that of Mr. Ernest Hemingway. Less conscious than that of the latter, perhaps in a sense

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less artistic, it is nevertheless admirable and the best possible medium for a narrative such as this. The few necessary expository and descriptive passages share its straightforward simplicity and do not for a moment stand in its way. Indeed, in the descriptions of the fights themselves one is frequently reminded of Hazlitt's famous narrative of the fight at Hungerford, particularly well reminded of Hazlitt, we may add, in this centenary of his death.

The objectivity of Mr. Burnett's treatment might happily commend itself to other novelists, young like Mr. Burnett, but alas! unlike him in the subjectivity of their methods. Would that more of them could successfully keep out of their stories as he has so refreshingly and assuringly done! One wishes he might become among the young the founder of a school based on the ancient idea and ideal of art as imitation as against the modern and easier cry of art as self-expression.

An added largeness is contributed to the conception and the execution of Iron Man by the breadth and truth of the idea suggested by the author in the quotation which serves as foreword and thesis of his book: "Shepherd . . . the mair I think on't, the profounder is my conviction that the strength of human nature lies either in the highest or the lowest estate of life." Lovers of Charles Lamb may be found who will echo the same truth from his Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis:

"How would it sound in song that a great monarch had declined his affection upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the true ballad where King Cophetua woos the beggar-maid?"

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Sign of Submission

What Is Sacrificial Immolation?, by J. Brodie Brosnan. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.35.

IS THE Eucharistic Sacrifice a real or only a symbolical immolation? That it is an immolation is de fide. In what way it is an immolation theologians disagree. The question has been complicated by the common opinion that immolation involves destruction. Many are the theories of Eucharistic immolation, all of them pointing to some sort of symbolical destruction. The writer of this book cuts the knot by denying that immolation does involve destruction; and by asserting that the immolation of the Mass must be as real as the immolation of Calvary. He claims to have tradition and Saint Thomas on his side.

If his theory is correct it not only does away with the difficulty of Eucharistic destruction but also meets the objection that God the Father could not delight in the destruction by death of His Son. All death and destruction is caused by sin. If a priest causes destruction then he acts as a minister of Satan rather than of God. Our Lord was slain unjustly by sinners. How can the mere fact of His death be an act pleasing to God? It is the willingness to be slain that is the real immolation. The death is a sign of inward submission. This, then, says the writer, is true sacrificial immolation, the making of something into a holy sign of inward immolation. "In the Mass, Our Lord so relates the appearances of bread and wine to Himself that not only does He make Himself and His inner sacrifice really present, and declare this to men, but He also gives all, the same outward meaning and efficiency which the Cross gave, and in this Eucharistic manner shows and indicates the Cross."

EDWARD HAWKS.

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Briefer Mention

Every Soul Is a Circus, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

MR. LINDSAY believes in poetry with a kick. And if Billy Sunday has made a baseball game out of the old revival meeting, the "Springfield bard" has all the stride of Casey himself and a constant but humble confidence. If there be a person who cannot enjoy The Congo or General Booth Enters Heaven (to date the most ambitious of the Lindsay publications) he deserves a vacation and a housewarming for having been slighted by nature. But—if one may return to a figure—the present book looks much like a case of Casey's striking out. You will find ideas, some of them excellent. But the tempo of the verse never rises above lumbering improvisation. Indeed it is often a case of Mr. Lindsay working a refrain miles beyond death. But the preface merits reading and the illustrations are charming.

The Apocrypha; edited by Manuel Komroff. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

BY APOCRYPHA Mr. Komroff means those books of the Bible which many Protestant critics set apart as not having been included in the Hebrew canon, and to which some Catholic authorities affix the adjective "deuterocanonical." Certainly, when taken by themselves, they form an interesting collection of narratives worthy of comparison as pure literature with Homer and Herodotus. This is doubtless what impelled the editor to assemble them in one volume as an addition to the Library of Living Classics. The text followed is that of the King James version.

The Golden Ball, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE Golden Ball, Alice Brown's new full-length play for children, is a fantasy about a little boy and his sister and Tick, the clock, who go off into the world of fairies and dryads to talk the Bad Fairy out of spoiling baby's christening. The mood is sentimental. Though the play will not appeal to adults (unless their own children appear in it!) as would, say, a more deeply-rooted fantasy of the James Stephens type, the action is direct enough and close enough to the ground to be readily intelligible to child actors.

CONTRIBUTORS

DON C. SEITZ is the author of Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters; Under the Black Flag; and Uncommon Americans.

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., is with the Washington Bureau of the New York World.

H. O. PETERS is an authority on American aviation.

WILLIAM COLLINS is General Organizer for the American Federation of Labor.

HENRY G. LAMOND, an Australian rancher, contributes to the press of that continent.

ERNEST HARTSOCK, editor of Bozart, is the author of Narcissus and Iscariot.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, professor of English at Wells College, is a poet and essayist. His latest books are An Attic Room; and Golden Falcon.

MARGARET MCGOVERN and MARION CANBY are new contributors to The Commonweal.

THEODORE MAYNARD, associate professor of English at Georgetown University is the author of Exile; The Book of Modern Catholic Verse; and The Book of Modern Catholic Prose.

MARIE DE L. WELCH is one of the editors of the San Francisco Review.

DAVID MORTON is associate professor of English at Amherst College, and the author of Ships in Harbor; Harvest; and other books.

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK, dean of the Graduate School of Marquette University, is the author of Educational Views and Influence of De Witt Clinton; Budget Making in a Democracy; Public Administration; and The Public Welfare in Freedman's America.

GRENVILLE VERNON is the author of The Image in the Path.

HARRY MCGUIRE is editor of Outdoor Life.

MARY ELLEN CHASE, professor of English in Smith College, is the author of The Golden Asse and Other Essays.

REV. EDWARD HAWKS is pastor of the Church of Saint Joan of Arc in Philadelphia.

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